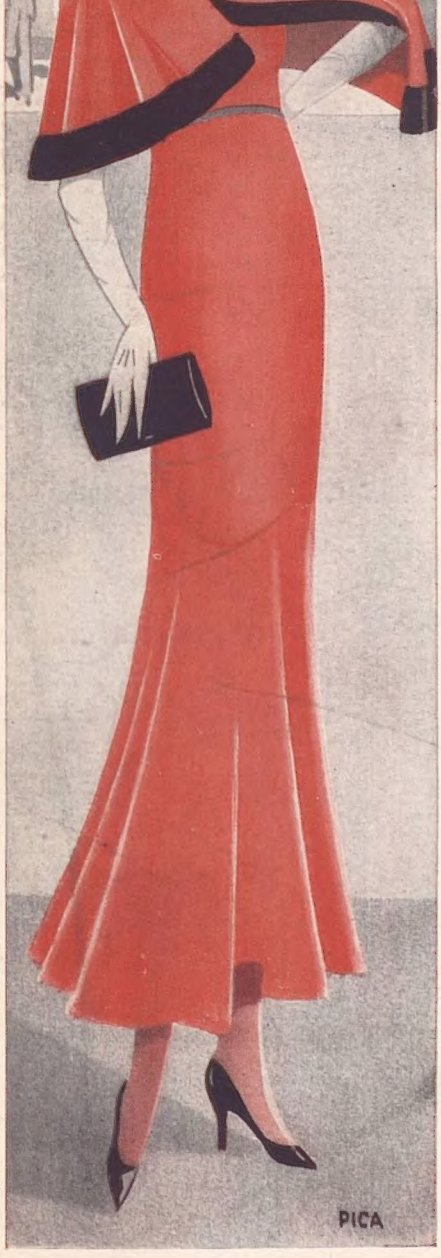
THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXIV—No. 1477

APRIL 6, 1932

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION: By *MADGE GARLAND*



Keep a neat head throughout the busy day ahead with . . .

ANZORA
CREAM AND VIOLA
BOTH MASTER THE HAIR
Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd. London, N.W.6

THE
DOCTOR'S CHINA TEA

Dyspeptics and invalids can drink The Doctor's China Tea, because it contains no free tannin.

¼-lb. FREE

Simply send 6d. in stamps to cover postage and packing, and we will promptly send you a 2-oz. packet of each of the 3/- and 3/8 qualities making in all a free quarter lb. of the world's finest China Tea. There is also a super quality at 4/2, a 2-oz. sample of which will be included on receipt of an additional 6d.

HARDEN BROS. & LINDSAY, Ltd., Dept. 131, 30-34, Mincing Lane, E.C.3

CVS—9

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée

By Appointment to
H.M. KING GEORGE V.

The Aristocrat of Liqueurs
1847

WOLFSCHMIDT KUMMEL
GENUINE RIGA

GLENEAGLES HOTEL
GOLF * TENNIS * DANCING
FISHING * SWIMMING * RIDING
SHOOTING (Clay Pigeon)
For tariff and reservations apply: Resident Manager, Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire, Scotland. Direct Restaurant Car and Sleeping Car Services by L.M.S.
Arthur Towle, Controller, L.M.S. Hotel Services.
Perthshire *Scotland*

By Appointment.
FOR THE BEST WORK USE
PARIPAN
ENAMELS—GLOSSY and FLAT
BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE
PARIPAN LIMITED, LONDON.

STOP THAT HEADACHE with GENASPRIN
The SAFE brand of Aspirin

John Bull to Little Lady Liqueur:—
"My congratulations for GRANT'S BRITISH is indeed CRÊME DE MENTHE at its best."

Grant's British CRÊME de MENTHE

Little Lady Liqueur informs her friends:—
"You will be enthusiastic about its quality . . . it is so soft and warming and such a marvellous aid to digestion . . . it is produced by the makers of the famous **GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY**, your stock of which will need replenishing soon . . . . why not THEN get your first bottle of GRANT'S BRITISH . . . . both obtainable from Fortnum and Mason; Findlater's; etc."

The CRÊME de MENTHE of distinction

Thos. Grant & Sons, Maidstone.

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.2

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—Continued.

JERSEY—*continued*

St. Helier.—Star Hotel.—An old English hotel. Electric light, with H. & C. rng. water all rooms. Apply for booklet.

St. Helier. — Hotel Fort d'Auvergne.—Unrivalled sit. fcg. bathing pool. H. & C. running water. Moderate. P. Cabeldu.

SWITZERLAND.

Lausanne.—The Belvedere Hotel.— 1st. cl. fam. hotel. Hot and cold running water. Priv. bathroom. Incl. terms, Fr. 13 to 18.

Chamonix, Mont Blanc.—Allobroges Hotel.—Family house with all comfort; quiet. Terms from 6s. May and June. Tennis.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross). Daily 2.30 and 8.15. (Phone: Temple Bar 3161)
SIR OSWALD STOLL presents ERIK CHARELL'S
"WHITE HORSE INN"
A PLAY WITH MUSIC AND DANCE. (APRIL 23rd. LAST NIGHT.)

HOTELS

SUNSHINE AND HEALTH FOR YOU AT
ST. LEONARDS - ON - SEA
Don't be depressed if you can't afford to winter abroad. Sunny St. Leonards and the historic Royal Victoria Hotel offers you Riviera climate, luxurious hotel service, combined with homely comfort. Choice of 100 bedrooms and private suites. Running water to all bedrooms. Passenger lift to all floors. Central and electric heating. Good English food and famous chef.
From 4½ guineas. 'Phone: HASTINGS 869
ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

THE NORTH DEAN CLUB & GUEST HOUSE
Managing Director and Club Secretary - IAN R. PURDIE.
HUGHENDEN VALLEY, HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS. A Wonderful Centre for the renowned Beauty Spots of "Beechy Bucks." Situated 500 feet up on the Chiltern Hills.
55 ACRES of Woodland and Grounds, Hard Tennis Courts, Billiards and Wonderful Walks The best of English Fare, Club Licence, Central Heating, Hot and Cold Water and Electric Fires in all Bedrooms. Restaurant open to Non-Members.
For full particulars apply to the Club Secretary.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

DRESDEN (Saxony)
THE BELLEVUE HOTEL
Admirably situated opposite the famous Dresden Opera House, overlooking Elbe River. Sufficiently distant from city noise to ensure an atmosphere of peace and quietness. Large Garden and Terraces. Every Comfort. Modern Garage. Moderate Rates. R. BRETSCHNEIDER - Manager.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres. 58, Avenue de Keyser. The most modern and the best clientèle.

Brussels, Place Rogier.—Grand Hotel Albert Ier & Terminus-Nord.— 1st Grade, Entirely New. Tel. Ad. Terminord, Bruxelles.

FRANCE.

Amiens (Somme).—Grand Hotel & Restaurant Picardie.—Entirely new. First class. A model of comfort. A.A. R.A.C.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest-class res. hotel. Right up to date. Renowned cuisine & cellar. Phone ev. rm. V.lge. garden.

Cannes.—Hotel Beau Site.—300 rooms with bath. 6 private tennis courts free. Dancing nightly. Beautiful grounds.

Dinard (I. & V.)—Gallic Hotel.—The leading Hotel. All rooms with private bath and w.c. Fair bill.

Juan-les-Pins (A.M.)—"Le Provencal."—Europe's most distinguished hotel. Open all the sunny year round. Casino.

Le Touquet.—Golf Hotel.—Facing the links. 200 Bedrooms. 100 Bathrooms. Private Tennis and Squash Rackets.

Marseilles.—Grand Hotel de Geneve. Restaurant overlooking Vieux Port. Moderate terms. Every comfort.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—Newest first-class family Hotel of distinction. Greatest comfort at moderate terms. 200 rooms.

Nice.—Hotel Majestic.—For real air, real sun, real fun, real comfort, real rest. Same management as Palais de la Méditerranée. Casino.

FRANCE—*continued.*

St. Jean de Luz (B.P.)—Les Flots Bleu.—Facing sea, in quiet and ideal situation. Moderate terms. All comforts.

PARIS.

Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Hotel St. Petersbourg.—33/35 Rue Caumartin. Brit. fam. Hotel. Every mod. com Same hotel: Hotel des Balances, Lucerne.

MONACO (Principality).

Monte Carlo.—Hotels Bristol & Majestic.—Facing sea, near Casino, 200 rooms. Special low Winter Terms. Pension from Frs. 50.

Monte Carlo.—Etrangers.—1st cl. H. & C. rng. water. Long or short stay. Full pension from Frs. 50. English clientèle.

Monte Carlo.—Gd. Hotel Terminus.—Opp. Casino. Gdns. & Beach, 1st cl., Pens. fr. Frs. 60, with bath Frs. 75, with suite Frs. 100.

Wiesbaden.—GERMANY

Schwarzer Bock.—The best renowned hotel and bath house, Kochbrunnen. 280 beds. All comfort. Inclusive from Mk. 10.

Munich — Pension Isabella, Pengstrasse 31. — First-class family house of distinction.

GUERNSEY.

Hotel de Normandie.—Beautifully situated in charming grounds, 2 mins. sea; full licence. Mr. and Mrs. Isler.

JERSEY.

Links Hotel.—Facing South on Royal Golf Course. Every luxury. Bathing, Tennis, Garden, Garage.

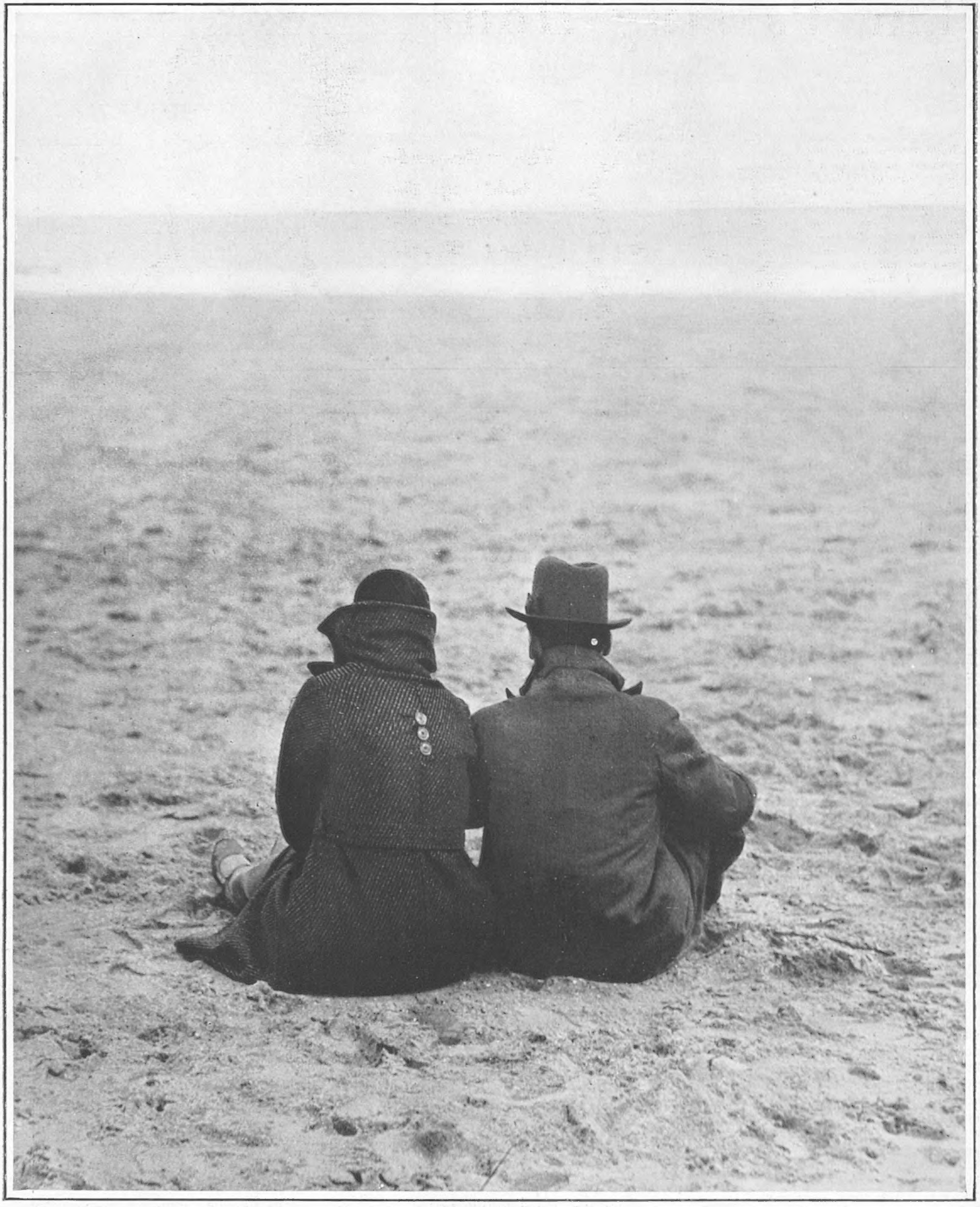
The Bystander, April 6, 1932 No. 1477. Vol. CXIV

The BYSTANDER

Madame Yevonde

LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE

The charming wife of Sir "Jock" Buchanan-Jardine, she, like her husband, is a keen racegoer. She is the younger daughter of Lord Ernest Hamilton, and a cousin of the Duke of Abercorn



"WHENCE ALL BUT THEY HAD FLED . . ."

A cameo of the Easter holidays in which two hardy Britons give touching proof that our sands and seas possess irresistible attraction despite wind and weather

The Passing Hour

The "Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

Right are seen two of the audience at the special performance of "Helen!" given at the Adelphi Theatre recently in aid of the Women and Children of Palestine. They are Miss Jeanne Stourton and Mr. Paul de Laszlo

Photographs by Sasha

IT is certainly a tribute to Miss Whigham's personality and the public interest taken in her future that even the Rector of Stiffkey had to yield pride of place to her on the front pages of the evening newspapers when she broke off her engagement. But not only was space found in such a valued position for the news, but the posters of more than one evening paper were put in action to blazon forth the intelligence that there had been a change of mind. At luncheon, two hours before it was announced that she was not to marry Lord Warwick, I saw her across the foyer of the Ritz Hotel. But at that distance it was impossible to see whether she was wearing an engagement ring.

Right: Mrs. Claude Leigh, another member of the audience at the special performance of "Helen!" at the Adelphi

A FEW minutes later, however, Lady Bridgett Poulett, who was to have been one of her bridesmaids, went up to greet her, and nearly fainted when Miss Whigham broke the news by silently extending her left hand. Certainly the ending of this romance opens up a number of possible eventualities in the way of other engagements that will now be made possible. It is an open secret that quite a number of bets have been won and lost in Mayfair over the breaking-off of the engagement.

To lift the curtain for a brief moment one can say that there was no tiff at all between the affianced couple. One can also say that the initiative for breaking off the engagement came from Miss Whigham. In a way, it has proved to be a triumph for the lure of the Embassy Club over the lure of the most historic castle in Great Britain. Miss Whigham has frequently told me that she could never be really happy except within hail of the Embassy, and it is evident that even £4000 a year as an allowance would not have enabled the prospective new Châtelaine of Warwick to maintain her status there and enjoy herself as heretofore in London.

ON the evening the engagement was broken off, Miss Whigham went down to the country—to her parents' place at Ascot. She is intending to stay there for a few days, but will be up again in London some time this week. Lord Warwick, who has now been engaged three times, though he is barely twenty-one, is intending to stay chez soi for some time. Well, it is an ill-wind. . . . The Embassy and the Café de Paris are going to be crowded every night with guests anxious to watch for any amusing encounters or attachments which may arise from the ashes of this particular romance which is something of a nine-days' wonder.

Next week, April 13

Special

SPRING FASHION

NUMBER

of "The Bystander"

In which Madge Garland will present a 12-page portfolio of sketches in full colour and gold, besides many charming photographs, depicting the mode of the moment from every angle.

PEOPLE are still talking about the re-opening of Le Touquet last week, and the high spirits of some of the English visitors. True, the weather grew wet towards the end of Easter, but the joy of gazing at croupiers' moustaches once more and having a gaudy drink and chocolate biscuits halfway round the golf course, prevented any real damping of the visitors' enthusiasm.

AMONG the Bond Street crowd were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Horlick, Charles and Bob Sweeney, and their parents, of course, Clarence Moore, the Baillie-Hamiltons, Mr. Ian Campbell, and Mr. Max Aitken, who flew over and back with the elder Sweeney. Non-golfers rather regret the change of venue for the club-house—and so does Alfred the barman and Bunyan the starter. Bunyan regrets it because he cannot any longer engage in idle prattle with the onlookers, and Alfred because thirsty golfers are inclined to go straight from the eighteenth green to the Golf Hotel.

FOR once in a way there was quite an influx of French visitors from Paris, and one of them lost 200,000 francs at a session, though the high table was not called into play. However, there were seven or eight tables going hard, and George the barman did not get to bed until 5 o'clock in the morning, even though his takings were not as much as last year. I hear, by the way, that Mr. Baillie-Hamilton has no reason to curse his luck at chemin-de-fer.

OF the hotels which were open, the Picardy was the gayest. But none of them was expensive. Most people paid the equivalent of twenty-five shillings a day for pension and a double bedroom and bathroom, and no one seems to have spent more than twenty pounds over what he or she had intended to spend, instead of the usual fifty or one hundred.

THE Hermitage, I hear, was closed, but though the greens on the old course were not in very good order, the new course is in fine condition. The trouble is that it is such a testing course that if one spends a late night in the Casino, it is really too much like hard work. However, everybody had the grandest possible time there, and it makes one wonder whether Buck's Club will not after all change its mind and hold the annual tournament there again, instead of at Lytham St. Annes. When the decision was made to go to the Blackpool course, it was still considered unpatriotic to go abroad.

Au Revoir to England

Adolphe Menjou, the American film star, who has been making pictures in this country, has now returned to the States. He and his wife, Miss Kathryn Carver, are seen taking their last look at London from the boat train at Waterloo en route for Southampton

RACING HINTS

"By Old Orkney"

***Bessie Belle** colt finished strongly second to the heavily backed Quel Bonheur at Kempton Park. Carried good money.*

***Apperley** was a good order at Birmingham, for the Burton Handicap, over a mile and a quarter, and was placed. Follow up with confidence.*

***Happy Prince**, travelling very fast, failed by a neck to overhaul Gareloch at Birmingham. Found the going rather sticky. Was a hot favourite. Will win over six furlongs or a mile.*

***Cheery Lad** should score over a mile and a half. Looked in fine condition at Kempton when heavily backed by many admirers. Won four races last summer, and was twice placed.*

***Papireto** suffered defeat by a head only in a seven-furlong race at Kempton Park. Finished very strongly and should not be missed for early engagements. Seven furlongs is her distance.*

***Red Pointer** will be concerned in a finish before long. Ran well to occupy sixth position in a field of twenty-four at Kempton. Was one of my favourites last season. Will prove a money spinner.*

HOLIDAY-MAKERS who have been to Jersey included Mr. Patrick Egan, who owns the ex-King of Spain's former yacht, "Hispania," and is now with the Paramount film people. He tells me that everyone in the yachting world is intensely interested in Mr. T. B. F. Davis's attempt to make his own sails on the football ground at Jersey. They cover twice the area of a lawn-tennis court (the run-back included): for Mr. Davis's *Westward* is one of the largest sailing yachts afloat.

JERSEY can, at the moment, boast the presence of two millionairesses and two millionaires—Lady Houston, the Dowager Lady Trent, Sir James Knott, and Mr. Davis himself. Mr. Davis, incidentally, must be the richest man in Europe who has no fixed domicile over here. It is true that he has a house in Durban, but in London he does not even own a flat, or so I am told. His yacht, "Westward" used to belong to Clarence Hatry, from whom he bought it for £10,000.

Smiling in the Rain

Miss McGowan, Miss Coats, and a friend defying the stormy elements with cheery smiles and a stout umbrella. They are seen at the Renfrewshire Hunt Point-to-Point meeting

At Sandown Park

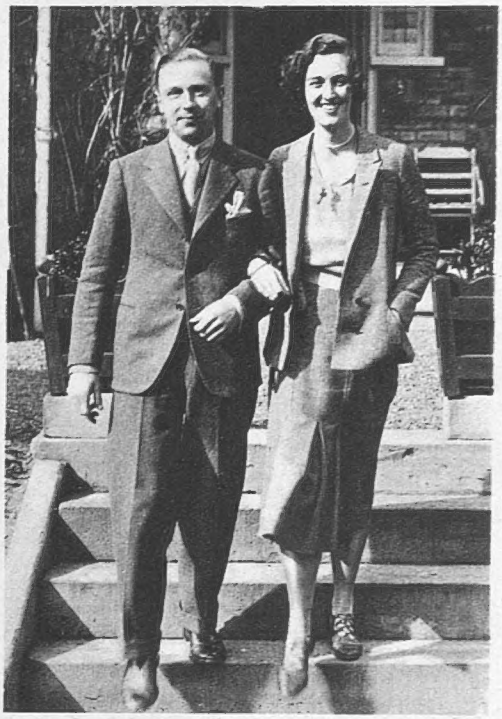
Miss Rosemary Villiers and Lord Mornington at the Royal Artillery Gold Cup meeting. It was held at Sandown Park

FOR the first time in my life I went last week to see the pony-racing at Northolt Park. "Pony" is really a misnomer, because many of the animals have run under Jockey Club Rules, and have been sired by well-known race-horses, like "Irish Elegance," for example. They must not, however, measure more than fifteen hands—which is only two inches less than the average height of the runners in the Derby. One of the first people I saw there was Lady Aylesford, whose "Bay Morn" ran third in the Enfield Handicap. Other owners included Sir Delves Broughton, who is a steward, and Sir Tankerville Morris.

IN the big race a two-shilling ticket on the Tote, which is one of the best in the country, showed a dividend of 75s. 6d., while the five-shilling double brought fifty-three pounds to the lucky winners. One of the attractions of the place is that an orchestra plays all the time, except during the actual races, and being only twenty-five minutes from London, it is all very accessible. I 'm surprised that Mayfair has not really discovered it yet, particularly as there is racing there on Saturdays and Mondays from Easter onwards.

In the Park

Mr. Arthur Nall-Cain, M.P., enjoying a morning stroll in the Park with his wife and little son, Ronald. The only son of Sir Charles Nall-Cain, Bart., he sits for the Wavertree Division of Liverpool



A Yorkshire Engagement

Mr. John Carver, of North Cave, and Miss Julia Clotheroe, whose engagement was announced recently. The photograph was taken at the latter's home, Hotham Hall

SPRING is here, I suppose, now that Poulsen's Club at Datchet has reopened. They had a gala dinner there on Saturday, and Jack Harris's band played; and Marion Harris gave a foretaste of her singing at the Café de Paris this week by trilling a few numbers. Best of all, perhaps—if these two celebrities will pardon me—a supper licence has been granted, which gives facilities for an extra hour nightly.

In Ireland

Lord Milton and his fiancée, Miss Olive Plunket, the daughter of the Most Rev. the Hon. Benjamin Plunket, snapped at a race meeting in Ireland. Lord Milton is the only son of Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam

FEW private houses have organs, but Eaton Hall, the Duke of Westminster's place in Cheshire, and Blenheim, the Duke of Marlborough's home in Warwickshire, both possess them. The latter Duke, however, has gone one better. He has had it overhauled and mechanised, so that you can play it like a pianola. That must be a lot of fun.

ANOTHER random piece of news I heard last week was that Aldous Huxley, whose "Brave New World" has been such a success, is lying very ill indeed in Italy. Poor Huxley has never looked well nor been well. D'Annunzio is another famous writer who is on the sick list.

GILBERT FRANKAU, by contrast, goes from strength to strength. The other day Sir Charles Higham suggested a marvellous title for his next book, autobiographical or otherwise—"An Adventure in Marriage." Gilbert Frankau has been going to prize fights at the Albert Hall recently, so maybe his next hero will be a boxer. The other day he told me that the reason why his books went well was because he wrote them specifically for people who did not normally read novels. At the moment he is contemplating the step of turning himself into a private company.

MRS. BROKAW, the millionaires-mother of the attractive Lucille Brokaw, who came over to be a bridesmaid at the Jersey wedding, is planning a visit to London during the coming season. Her daughter had a great success during her ten days' visit in January, and is most anxious to visit England again as soon as possible. If she does make an appearance, there will be any amount of entertaining for her.

IT was on Thursday that Lord and Lady Jersey sailed from Australia to Vancouver on their protracted honeymoon. Both of them are being fêted so much that they have had little or no time to write letters, though Lord Jersey has grudgingly consented to learn how to play bridge. They hope to be back on or about May 14, when they will both be very much in evidence in town during the approaching season.

AT the moment very few parties have been arranged for this month, but there will be quite a flock of them during May. Mrs. Corey continues to entertain, however, piloted by Lady Cunard. She has now moved from the Dorchester to Claridge's, and is another interesting example of the polite tussle between the Dorchester and May Fair group on the one hand, and the Savoy-Berkeley-Claridge's group on the other, to attract the wealthy Americans who are already beginning to flock to this country.

Out and Abou

Golfing at Sandwich

Two photographs taken on the Prince's Course at Sandwich during the Easter holidays. In the left-hand one are seen Mrs. R. Wells, Mrs. Shurey, and Mrs. Baxter, and in the right-hand photograph are Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, Lady Mildred FitzGerald, and Mme. Miglietta

Below is seen Lady Hemphill, the wife of Baron Hemphill of Tulira, Ardrahan, Co. Galway, at the Irish Kennel Club Show in Dublin. She is showing Mr. Samuel Moseley's Bull Mastiff, Ch. Farcroft Felons Frazeur

A Brooklands Winner

Sir Henry Birkin, who added to his long list of victories at Brooklands on Easter Monday. Driving the Hon. Dorothy Paget's Bentley, he won the Norfolk Lightning Long Handicap at 122.07 m.p.h.

Lady Hemphill in the Ring

Home Again

John Loder, the young British film star who has scored such a success in America, with his father, Major-General W. Lowe, at his home at Parkhurst. Both father and son are keen polo players

Waiting for the Winners

A grandstand snapshot of three fair racegoers at the recent meeting at Kempton Park. Seen above, from left to right, are Mrs. Rex Colclough, Miss Joan Pickering, and Miss Gladys Sammut, showing more than a passing interest in the racing at this very well-attended meeting

in the World of Sport

CAMERA GLEANINGS FROM MANY FOLDS

Lady Sibell Lygon

At the 'Chases

Mr. Kenneth Urquhart, the Marchioness of Abergavenny, and Miss Ruby Nevill. They are seen at the Eridge Hunt 'Chases at Steelbridge Farm

Left: Lady Sibell Lygon in the paddock at the recent meeting at Kempton Park. She is the second daughter of Earl and Countess Beauchamp

Right to a Vault

A fine action photograph taken at the recent athletic meeting at Harrow between the school and the Achilles Club. E. F. Housden, of the latter team, is seen making a spectacular clearance in the Pole Vault

At Paddington

Miss Cole (left) and Miss Mary Heeley who met in the Ladies' Singles in the recent Hard Courts tournament at Paddington. The latter won easily

The Winner

Miss Diana Holland-Hibbert, who won the Ladies' Adjacent Hunts' Race at the Wye Valley Hunt Point-to-Point recently held at Warminster

Between Races

Spectators at the Eridge Hunt 'Chases. They are Miss Beaumont-Nesbitt, the Hon. Mrs. and Major F. Beaumont-Nesbitt, and Viscount Hardinge

Claude Harris

THE HON. MARGARET THESIGER

A new portrait of the charming youngest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Chelmsford, whose London residence is in Eaton Square. Miss Thesiger is a niece of Viscount Wimborne

Hors d'Oeuvres

By "Caviare"

LADY MOIRA COMBE and Lady Glentanar have the neatest heads in London, beautifully shaped and well set. They are rather alike in other ways, both being quiet, lovely, and somewhat reserved. Lady Glentanar, however, enjoys acting, while Lady Moira is shy of the footlights, even in the sacred cause of charity.

MRS. REX COLCLOUGH follows the fashion started some time ago by Miss Gladys Cooper, and has greasy eyelids. This gives an appealing wistfulness to the eyes, I am told. Mrs. Colclough says very little, but she gets there all the same, as the theme-song says.

IT is such a pity that a most promising débutante of last year should be in love with a young man who is not accepted—well, not exactly.

THE very thin, "dieting-all-the-time" girls will have to look to their laurels, for the latest engagements show the brides to be charming and quite plump. Miss Elizabeth Loeffler, for instance—who, by the way, is a darling—and Lord Dorchester's daughter, Diana Carleton, for another.

LADY ALEXANDRA METCALFE had a happy Easter in Rome; she has a great many friends there, and is very popular. Her quiet dignity and "grande-dame" manner appeal to Europeans, but are often misunderstood by Americans.

A HOLIDAY of a party of four was not an unqualified success, I am afraid. Perhaps it was the fault of a pretty brunette—we all know her moods; perhaps a good-looking, clean-shaven young man had something to do with the general gloom.

MRS. WOOLLY-HART has the most amusing hat, in bright tangerine velvet, with a feather which stands straight up on end at times, or lies curled into a sleepy circle. I am sure she bought the hat in order to match her delightful orange drawing-room with its bronze trees.

Lady Patricia Moore

The attractive daughter of Kathleen, Countess of Drogheda. She has literary tastes and has contributed a London letter to the Oxford periodical, "Cherwell"

THERE is a rumour that an affair of the heart between a peer and a lovely much-talked-about lady is definitely over. R.I.P. No flowers by request!

WOULDN'T it be exciting if everyone changed their styles this season? If Lady Dashwood stopped being Victorian in the day-time and Empire at night; if Lady Patricia Moore stopped being highbrow; if Lady Buchanan-Jardine stopped being consciously lovely; if Mr. Duff-Cooper stopped being silently clever; and if Mr. Randolph Churchill stopped talking.

LADY LONDONDERRY is busy contradicting the rumours of an engagement, and Clare Lady Cowley the announcement of one. What a worry attractive daughters must be; yet it would be far worse if no one wanted to marry them. Lady Diana Wellesley has improved enormously since she came out, and she is not only attractive, but intelligent and very sweet.

THE new brushed-right-back-from-the-face way of doing the hair is attractive, but one must have even features and a lovely complexion: that's why it suits Mrs. Philip Kindersley and Miss Averil Streatfeild. A certain young woman doesn't qualify, and must alter to another style at once.

A PRETTY little lady is haunting Scotland Yard with tears in her eyes. She left her bag and letters in a taxi! We all know why she is so anxious to get them back.

MY prize this week goes to Mrs. Dudley Ward, for looking the youngest mother in London, for being a very charming and lovely person, and for having a distinct personality.

The Hon. Patricia Mackay

Only daughter of Viscount and Lady Glenapp and granddaughter of the Earl of Inchcape. Before her marriage Lady Glenapp was Miss Joan Moriarty, whose father was the Rt. Hon. John Moriarty, Lord Justice of Appeal in Ireland

"HOW much does her husband know?" That's what a certain hunting set are asking—referring, of course, to that pretty little woman and that well-known man—who has been talked about before—just once or twice.

THE crochet caps are having a great vogue. Mrs. Ronald Aird has one in red, white and blue. Mrs. Freddie Cripps has a most amusing one ending in a point in deep plum wool; and Lady Milbanke always wears one for racing. The milliners are trying so hard to get us back to hats: "Two or three guineas, moddom!"

MRS. EUAN WALLACE always seems to be far away in a world of her own; perhaps it is the effect of very pale-blue eyes. Lady Stanley and her sister, Lady de Trafford, have rather the same look, so perhaps they prefer their own thoughts to the world around them. Notice Miss Gertrude Lawrence's eyes, they are so alive, so gay, enjoying every passing moment.

Those two well-known golfers, Mr. Dale Bourne and Mr. G. Hannay, setting out for a round on the Princes Course at Sandwich

An echo of the Halford-Hewitt Cup. L. G. Crawley, the Old Harrovian who is the English Close Champion, and the Old Etonian, Eric Martin Smith, the British Amateur Champion

Gerard Fairlie on Golf

The University Match—Selectors

In a weekly causerie—or, to use British, "chat," but that is such a horrid word, which reminds me forcibly of elderly gentlewomen and flowered teapots—in a weekly "conversation on golf between myself and my readers," it is quite impossible to cover events as they occur. In a daily paper which is "put to bed" in the early morning of the very day of publication, this is not only possible, but it is the usual practice, and it is negligence on somebody's part if it is absent; but I am placed in such a position that I can only make a few remarks of general interest on events sometimes as much as ten days after they have occurred. I have very few words, therefore, to say on the subject of the University match, which is the most notable of those events which have taken place since my last remarks on golf. Let us get them out of the way, so that we can go on to the meat course, which this week is on the subject of selectors.

The match promised to be out of the ordinary because of the fact that Oxford were well above the average of University sides, and Cambridge not a long way behind them. The inevitable happened, and Oxford won by nine matches to six on the two days' play. As a result of this victory, each University has now won twenty-three matches, with three of the series halved. All that was according to the prophets.

But the play, with the exception of certain of the singles, was scarcely up to the standard expected, more particularly on the greens.

The features of the match, as all the world now knows, were two thumping victories for Cambridge on the part of White and Jamieson, and a very good finish by Middleton of Oxford to win his match after being no less than four down at lunch. A word for Adams, too, who lost a lead only to fight back and regain it, which is a most difficult thing to do.

In the evening, the officials for next season were elected. K. T. Thompson is to captain Cambridge, with the triumphant Jamieson as his secretary; Charles Sweeney, an American, is to captain Oxford.

But Oxford have done a graceful thing in electing Moss to the secretaryship for next season. Not only graceful, but intelligent, for from what I know of Moss, he will make a most excellent secretary. Yet the judgment of the Oxford electors might have been temporarily warped by the aroma of that dreadful thirteen and eleven defeat of that very day. Oxford wisely decided that such a thing is not merely a flood of the Jamieson, but an Act of God. John Beck is a very good golfer indeed—John Beck once suffered in a similar manner—but in his case everyone knows that Bobby Jones is an Act of God. And Oxford wisely decided that on the day Jamieson of Cambridge could be similarly described.

Now for selectors. I want it to be clearly understood that I am referring to the amateur variety, and not to the official selectors appointed, or about to be appointed, to select our Walker Cup side. If the names of these official selectors are as I suspect, or are going to be as I suspect, then they require no assistance from me. There's an awful lot of truth in that remark about refraining from shooting the individual at the piano.

But at about this time every Walker Cup year nearly every person who wields a golf-club, whether he plays at Sunningdale or makes passes at the ball at Slocombe, gets going on his list (all complete with two reserves and possibly even a non-

(*Continued on page iv*)

Seen at Sandwich

Mr. R. B. Froster (left), Mr. T. A. Torrance, Archie Compston, and Brig.-General A. C. Critchley on links at Sandwich. Mrs. Critchley recently presented her husband with a son

Three more of those who enjoyed a golfing holiday this Easter seen waiting to play a round on the Princes Course at Sandwich. They are Mrs. Anderson, Miss Kelton, and Major Anderson

A Dream of Fair Women

As interpreted by Hollywood

Left: Marian Marsh, the young Warner Brothers' star, who played her first important rôle on the screen in "Svengali," when she appeared as "Trilby." She has since starred in "The Road to Singapore" and "Under Eighteen"

Right: Three beautiful blondes who are under contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and will appear together in a new film. They are Madge Evans, Anita Page, and Joan Marsh

E

TWO STUDIES IN RUSSIAN

SKETCHES OF "SEE NAPLES AND
BY H. H.

Ivan Ivanavitch Kosoff (Anthony Holles), a Russian princeling, and altogether a perfect little gentleman but for a penchant for blackmail

JUST as it is possible for the connoisseur to decide with almost absolute certainty the vineyard and vintage of a wine, so can the dramatic critic often give a shrewd guess as to the authorship of a play. But I doubt whether one endowed with the most delicate palate could ever have guessed that Elmer Rice, the dramatist, whose work is best known in England by *The Adding Machine* and *Street Scene*, was also the author of *See Naples and Die*, which has been staged for a run—which it should assuredly achieve—at the Little Theatre, after having been previously tried out in the wilds of Maida Vale.

A FRIEND once told me that he received his first impression of Naples from the deck of an Orient liner. He saw Naples and nearly died—of disappointment, for he assured me it looked as gloomy as Manchester on a wet Sunday. But Elmer Rice has chosen a time when the sun is shining to see Naples, for this "extravagant comedy" of his, far from being gloomy, is written with a welcome and unexpected sense of fun and brightness.

ON the terrace of the Albergo-Pensione de' Medici at Capo di Sorrento, on the Bay of Naples, the author has brought together a most amusing collection of characters of various nationalities, English, Russian, German, Roumanian, *and* American, in addition to Italians, and displays all their foibles and failings with unfailing zest.

CHIEF laughter-maker among them all is Nanette Dodge Kosoff, a young American woman who, to save her sister from blackmail at the hands of Ivan Ivanavitch Kosoff, a Russian princeling, marries this decadent bounder, though really in love with a compatriot, Charles Carroll. How the plot works out is really of minor importance, for the author relies more on clever characterisation and bright dialogue to keep the audience amused.

BUT I see that Elmer Rice has been taken to task because the talk between these two Americans is compounded in the main of what are known as wise-cracks. I think I speak with the crowd when I say that this form of humour amuses me as long as it is of good quality, as it assuredly is in *See Naples and Die*. Personally I can get any amount of pleasure in listening to Olive Blakeney and Bernard Nedell, who are adepts at this form of back-chat, as the two Americans firing off remarks like a machine-gun from which hardly one single bullet does not find its mark.

THIS artistic farce does not, however, entirely rely on that form of dialogue for amusement. As a contrast there is a very insular English painter, cleverly played by Ronald Simpson, and the military German of H. Saxon Snell, acting as a sort of aide-de-camp to the Russian princeling of whom Anthony Holles—one of the best character-actors now playing—makes a brilliant study in decadence. These, in addition to many minor characters, extract humour all the more pronounced because it is opposed to the quick-fire battles of American wit.

Nanette Dodge Kosoff (Olive Blakeney), wi with, Charles Carroll (Bernard Nedell), t two chess players (Alfred Atkins and E. W much to

IN addition to taking a big part in the play, Bernard Nedell has produced most cleverly. Full of ingenious touches,

Types seen in Italy when we go without our gun. Hugo Von Klaus (H. Saxon Snell), redolent of German militarism, and Lucy Evans (Natalie Lynn), an American with a clacking tongue

PRINCES By Vernon Woodhouse

DIE," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE, HARRIS

of the Russian princeling, meets, and argues man she really loves. In the background are Greenhill), who, if report speaks truly, have with the plot

he has captured the Italian atmosphere to perfection, and the author owes him a debt of gratitude for the neat finish provided to the second act, when the curtain falls on the Russian princeling asleep on the stage, while the proprietor of the Albergo-Pensione (Clem Farace)—his wife being happily absent—sings, to the accompaniment of his guitar, a love duet with a pretty servant in a villa across the road, a tiny part made much of by Rowena Ronald.

"I Lived With You," at the Prince of Wales's

I DIDN'T believe a word of Ivor Novello's comedy, *I Lived with You*, and I enjoyed almost every moment of it. I think this shows that the dramatist has that keen sense of the theatre which allows him to get away with a story which, in less skilful hands, might merely have excited derision.

ALL the trouble—and amusement—arises through a Cockney typist literally picking up a Russian prince who faints through starvation in the Maze at Hampton Court. He becomes a lodger in the home of her parents at Fulham, and the harm he does there is devastating. His view-point on life is non-moral, and such is his persuasiveness that some of the Fulham family go altogether off the rails. Father takes a mistress, though he does not look as if he could afford one; Mother takes to vodka, and likes it very much; a daughter goes to live with her boss; and only a somewhat aged relative, who is a sort of general servant, is immune from the Russian influence; and even had she succumbed I cannot visualise any man being persuaded by ever to live in sin with her!

As for the heroine who brought home this somewhat malign influence, I think she would have married or lived with her find, had he pressed her to do so in his own persuasive way, but for that dragon of a general-servant aunt, who possessed some peculiar influence over the Russian which she exercises so effectually that, at the finish, he leaves the Fulham *ménage* to simmer down again and returns to the Maze at Hampton Court, which appears to have a peculiar fascination for him.

"I LIVED With You" is really great fun when Ivor Novello intends it to be funny, but he has not been so

Basil Rowlinson (Ronald Simpson), in the background, looks with jaundiced eye at the "goings-on" between Angelo de' Medici (Clem Farace), proprietor of the pension, and Luisa (Gabrielle Casartelli), a Hebe not averse to admiration

The fall of Russian Royalty. Ivan Ivanavitch Kosoff (Anthony Holles, centre) becomes a Russian count-out at the fists of Charles Carroll (Bernard Nedell), while Nanette Dodge Kosoff (Olive Blakeney) acts as referee

successful in striking the serious note with which the humour is sometimes mixed. These short interpolations remind us of the gloom of Russian drama, so beloved of the highbrows, where characters commit suicide in the last act, which, from my point of view, is far too late in the evening.

BUT these Slav snippets need not be taken too seriously, and there are not many of them. Only just enough to afford a contrast to the genuine humour of the Fulham family, the mother of which gives Minnie Rayner the part of her life. Throughout she is a sheer joy. Cicely Oates cleverly conveys the inexplicable power of Auntie over the prince, and there are some clever caricatures of Fulham folk. Ursula Jeans gives a first-rate performance as the heroine Cockney typist, and Ivor Novello proves that he is as good an actor as he is a dramatist as the prince. V. W.

Rugger in the Services

By Howard Marshall

2nd-Lt. D. A. Kendrew

The Army forward, and a tower of strength in the front row

THERE are no frills about Rugby football in the Services. It is always a robust, downright affair, and the clashes in the inter-Services tournament—clashes is the word, I think—are as entertaining to watch as any games in the season.

I often wonder, indeed, why so few people do watch them. If nearly seventy thousand spectators make the pilgrimage to Twickenham for an international match, at least half that number might be expected to turn up when the Army play the Navy. They would certainly get value for their money, for I cannot remember a dull game in the tournament since the war.

THE Services have given us plenty of fun this year; not great football, perhaps, but lively, rousing stuff which is worth any amount of theoretical perfection. What is more, the Army have made amends for their fall from grace last season, when they were not only trounced by the Navy and the Air Force, but by the Civil Service and the Territorials into the bargain.

Obviously something had to be done about that, and with considerable care a much improved side was collected. First of all, there were two notable recruits to the Army pack—2nd Lieut. D. A. Kendrew and 2nd Lieut. A. Vaughan-Jones.

Kendrew has been playing with admirable solidity in the front row—he was a little unlucky not to find his way into the English side again—and Vaughan-Jones is a really promising back-row forward, strongly built, fast, and intelligent. After a Welsh trial at the beginning of the season, he was selected for England, a curious sequence of events, but quite in order, since his father was English. If he is still prepared to learn, he may prove to be a player in the true Tom Voyce tradition.

THEN 2nd-Lieut. F. W. Simpson and Lieut. J. R. Cole paired well together at half-back against the Navy. Simpson is a hard-working and competent scrum-half, while Cole, to my way of thinking, is as useful a stand-off half as any in the country. He has his off-days, it is true, but at his best he is the answer to a centre's prayer: the stand-off half who can both straighten the attack and time his passes properly.

With Lieut. A. L. Novis on the right wing, and Lieut. E. W. F. de V. Hunt conducting constant guerrilla warfare in the centre, the Army attack was formidable, especially as the selectors discovered in 2nd-Lieut. J. A. Crawford a decidedly likely man for the left wing. Crawford scored a first-rate try with the vigilant and speedy Lane opposite him in the Navy match, and we should hear more of him in Services football.

Lt. J. R. Cole

Who plays as stand-off half for the Army, and as useful in that position in the field as any man in the country

THE Navy have been a little disappointing. They beat the Air Force soundly enough, even though their pack was relatively below strength, but against the Army they ran into trouble. Their forwards should have been magnificent, with such players as Sub-Lieut. N. L. Evans, Marine C. Webb, Lieut. J. W. Forrest, Sub-Lieut. G. C. M. Falla, Ldg.-Seaman W. Paddon, and Marine E. Light among them, and pretty good they were. They might have been better, however, particularly if their back row men had worked more consistently and paid less attention to the fancy stuff round the fringes of the scrummage. Sub-Lieut. G. Webster tried hard at scrum-half, but the ball came to him slowly, and neither he nor W. Elliott at stand-off half had much of a show. Elliott, moreover, in the Army game, took a nasty crack on the head soon after the start, which dazed him considerably.

The most interesting of the Navy outsiders was Midshipman J. S. Walsham, of the R.N.E. College, a young centre stand-off half who is definitely worth watching. He has speed off the mark, and an eye for an opening, and with a little more experience may turn out to be a real discovery.

AS for the Air Force, they have struggled nobly against many difficulties, and they certainly gave the Navy a shock by leading at the interval. Invariably they manage to produce a stalwart pack, though this year their encounter with the Navy clashed with the match between Ireland and England, which meant that they lost the redoubtable G. R. Beamish, a serious loss indeed, and one very difficult to make good. Then the tragic accident to D. R. S. Bader deprived them of their best attacking outside, and both P. B. Coote and C. Beamish were claimed for Irish trial games during the anxious period of team building.

In the circumstances, the Air Force have done as well as could be expected, but they are still suffering, I think, from the fact that too few of their players turn out regularly with first-class clubs. The Air Force committee have an awkward problem to face, for their players are scattered in units all over the country, and it is not practicable to form first-class clubs within the Service itself, on the lines of the Portsmouth, Devonport, and Chatham Services, which provide the Navy with so much valuable material. This is a handicap hard to overcome.

HERE and there R.A.F. men are able to join leading civilian clubs, but a great many promising players must be buried in the second-class football played by the unit teams, where they have no opportunities for development. A pity, but there is nothing to be done about it, and in the meanwhile the Air Force peg away gallantly, never without hope of upsetting the probabilities.

Midn. J. S. Walsham

Of the R.N.E. College, a centre or stand-off half. A Naval discovery of whom much more may be heard

P/o D. R. S. Bader

The best of the Air Force centres, whose services were lost to the game owing to a tragic accident

KIDDIES and GROWN-UPS TOO

WITH THE CAMERA EN FAMILLE

Right:

Mrs. Archie Campbell

With her bonnie two-years-old son, whose godparents are the Duchess of Westminster, the Earl of Birkenhead, Capt. Alastair Mackintosh and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks. Her husband is the youngest brother of Sir Guy Campbell

Marcus Adams

Left:

Mrs. Percy Lawson-Johnston

The wife of Capt. Percy Lawson-Johnston, late Scots Guards, who is the youngest brother of Lord Luke of Pavenham. With her are her three little girls—Denise, Maureen and Genevieve

Lenare

After the Race

Miss Dunne (left), who finished second, congratulating Miss Alban Gilbey who, on Mark III, won the Ladies' Adjacent Hunts' Maiden Race at the Berks and Bucks Farmers' Staghounds Point-to-Point. It was held at Sonning

Right: Major Guy Larnach-Nevill, the Master of the Eridge, Mrs. Kennedy, and the Earl of Portarlington. They are seen at the Eridge Hunt Steeplechases

Below: Lord Roderic Pratt, the younger son of the Marquess Camden, and his sister, Lady Fiona Fuller, at the Eridge Hunt 'Chases at Steelbridge Farm. Lady Fiona married Sir Gerard Fuller last year

Lord Roderic Pratt and Lady Fiona Fuller

On the "Grand Stand"

A group of spectators at the Lauderdale Hunt Point-to-Point at Upper Blainslie. They include Sir Philip Dundas, Lady Jane Egerton, Miss Dundas, Lord George and Lady Angela Scott, Miss Marjorie Scott, and Miss Jean Scott

Enter the Winner

Mrs. P. F. Stewart leading in her Cora (Mrs. Darvill tion (Open) Ladies' Steeplechase at the Hertfordshire Hunt was held at Friar's Wash, near

Snap Selections from Race Meetings in England and Ireland

'CHASING DAYS FORETELL THE DOOM OF THE HUNTING SEASON

Going Racing

Mr. and Mrs. Stokes-Rees, who were among the many well-known people who attended the recent Eridge Hunt Steeplechases. The meeting was an undoubted success

In Ireland

Sir Thomas and Lady Edwina Ainsworth watching the running of the Irish Grand National at the Fairyhouse meeting

At the Point-to-Point

Evelyn Countess of Essex and Mrs. Stewart enjoy a joke at the recent Hertfordshire Hunt Point-to-Point meeting held at Friar's Wash

up) after winning the Nomina-Point-to-Point. The meeting St. Albans

In the Paddock

Two more of those who were present at the recent Eridge Hunt meeting at Steelbridge Farm. Miss Harrison-Broadley and Mr. Blunt seen in the paddock

Between Races

Mrs. Paravicini, Miss C. Paravicini, and the Earl of Kimberley at the Melton Mowbray 'Chases at Burton Lazars. The last-named won world fame on the polo field as Lord Wodehouse

The Bystander Described

The Reward of Victory

Lady (Hamilton) Grant presenting the silver goblets to the winners of the competition, Mrs. Greenwood and R. G. Wilson, of Croham Hurst. "The Bystander" Trophy is seen in the case on the right

ONCE upon a time, which means a fortnight ago, the mother of an intending competitor went to play a round of golf at Addington Palace. On her return the ambitious offspring questioned her anxiously about the course; was it narrow, was it all on the slope, were the trees frightfully close to the line? To all these questions Mamma could only return answers dealing with the glories and luxuries of the clubhouse, so dazzled was she by its grandeur. At last, said dear daughter in despair: "Well, do tell me what the greens are like?" "My dear," returned Mother, "they're perfection. You never saw such an exquisite shade as they've painted the bath."

Which goes to show that at Addington Palace you can find a variety of things, exactly, in fact, what you set out to find. The trouble on our Trophy day was that a good many of the ninety couples set out expecting difficulties—and difficulties they found, any number of them.

DIFFICULTY No. 1 for some people was starting play at 8.30 a.m.; Difficulty No. 2 for some others ending it at 6.30 pm.; Difficulty No. 3 waiting whilst the couple in front explored the trees at the second or the pond at the third; Difficulty No. 4 the wetness of the greens in the afternoon; Difficulty No. 5 the light (falsely so-called) in the afternoon; Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, *et seq.*, the mighty clever lay-out of the course, both by nature and the architect, and the equally mighty stupidity of most golfers in playing this game of golf.

Of course, there were considerable genuine difficulties, which added to the inherent hazards of Addington Palace. Preliminary practice had frightened everyone into thinking the greens impossibly vast, but the steady rain the day before had made

A Hole in One

F. Roberts (West Kent) retrieving his ball after holing out in one at the ninth, which measures 234 yards. Behind him are Miss Spurr and the St. George's Hill pair, Miss M. Raworth and F. H. Frostick

The Roehampton Pair

George Gadd and Miss Marjorie White, of Roehampton, who returned the best score of 77 (bogey) for the first round. In the second round they did not do so well in the heavy rain, and thus lost their chance of winning

The Company is Met

A group of competitors and members in "The Bystander" Golf Competition. The photograph was taken in a corner of the magnificent lounge of the club-house at Addington Palace

Golf Trophy

by "Onlooker"

them a lot slower, and by the afternoon so much more rain had come down on the baked ground that there was some justification for the pro. who remarked cheerfully as he stepped on to one tee: "Now for the upper deck swimming pool." The weather, in fact, behaved very like a spoilt child, not knowing what it wanted, except to spoil other people's fun. Only perhaps it was really a mercy that it did stop a goodly number of couples attempting to play a second round, for otherwise, with that immense record entry we might all be sitting at Addington Palace still, waiting for the last results to come in. We know it is a beautiful clubhouse; of course, we could spend a week there waiting for results quite happily but. . . .

Two of the Old Brigade

Alec Herd (left) one of our hardy veterans, and his partner, Mrs. Boulton, who played for Moor Park, setting out with Mrs. U. G. Davies and J. H. Taylor. The latter couple represented Royal Mid-Surrey

Setting Out

Mrs. Ayscough and T. H. Cotton, of Langley Park, and A. J. Lacey and Mrs. A. H. Reid, of Selsdon Park, on their way to the first tee. They both played very good rounds, but the downpour spoiled their chances

LEADING SCORES

CROHAM HURST (Mrs. Greenwood & R. G. Wilson) 79 + 82 = 161.
ROYAL ASHDOWN FOREST (Mrs. Snelgrove & A.H. Padgham) 78+86=164.
VERULAM (Miss E. B. Nelson & Abe Mitchell) 82 + 82 = 164.
PORTERS PARK (Mrs. R. E. A. Bott & J. Bradbeer) 84 + 81 = 165.
ST. GEORGE'S HILL (Miss M. Raworth & F. H. Frostick) 83 + 83 = 166.
LANGLEY PARK (Mrs. Ayscough & T. H. Cotton) 84 + 82 = 166.
CHIGWELL (Miss D. Wilkins & B. Hodson) 83 + 84 = 167.
PURLEY DOWNS (Mrs. J. Lloyd & C. Johns) 87 + 80 = 167.
ROEHAMPTON (Miss M. White & G. Gadd) 77 + 90 = 167.

as above the average. Nobody was likely to better that, so the question became, who should one go and watch?

The choice was embarrassing. Should one go and involve ones mind in the inside out theory of T. H. Cotton, or admire his partner, Mrs. Ayscough, nearly holing a chip for a 2 at the 9th; or see E. R. Whitcombe bringing that right shoulder of his through so beautifully as well as making the experiment of driving at the evens himself and entrusting Miss Uhtoff with the odds. Or there was Miss Diana Fishwick, surely the perfect partner for any pro. Or what about a look at Gus Falkner, or Bert Hodson, or A. Perry? What about Robson himself with the girl champion for a partner? Or some of the grand figures of before the war golf, Harry Vardon, J. H. Taylor, Alec Herd, Ted Ray, or coming nearer to the present generation, Abe Mitchell, whose name has adorned THE BYSTANDER Trophy three times already and might well add a fourth?

(Continued on page ii)

Miss Diana Fishwick, the ex-lady champion, representing North Foreland, playing from a bunker during the first round She is being watched by her opponent, Harry Vardon

Approaching the Green

Mrs. Gold, of Denham, who recently won the Roehampton Gold Cup seen above, playing a chip shot on to a green

As a matter of fact, there was no long waiting for a good result in the morning, that deceptively still and beautiful morning. The second couple out, Mrs. Greenwood and R. G. Wilson, representing Croham Hurst, were behaving just precisely as a really promising pupil, who has learnt all her golf from her own pro., and that teacher himself, ought. Going out the short holes, defeated them, but they came home in 39, and 81—2—79 was excellent enough when you consider that Mrs. Greenwood has only played golf for a comparatively short time. Well, that was that, and good enough it seemed, till there came in an electrifying 77 from Roehampton, Miss Marjorie White and George Gadd, so good that there is nothing to be said about it, unless one were to pick out Miss White's putting

If Gossip

The Smile of Victory

Colonel C. Buck Anderson and Mrs. Van den Berg looking remarkably happy, with a Scottish gentleman looking remarkably aloof. They are seen at Cannes, where they won the Annual Mixed Foursomes competition

IN these days of pessimism about the theatre, it is good to find such stalwart supporters of the Drama as Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught. I saw them at the first night at the Little of "See Naples and Die" in the third row of the stalls with a party, the Prince laughing merrily at the antics of a very different type of prince on the stage, and taking in the best possible part some good-humoured, though none the less embarrassing, digs at modern royalty from Elmer Rice, the American author. American authors—in fact, nearly all Americans—are apt to be like that. But, bless their little hearts, they don't mean it, and a true twenty-two carat European royal personage can always count on a friendly mobbing in New York. Perhaps that is why so few of them ever go there.

PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT rarely misses a play, and an informal supper at some dance club after it. She inherits her love of the theatre from her mother, the late Princess Royal, who used to be a sort of pioneer in these matters for the King and Queen. Their Majesties trusted her judgment implicitly, and if she reported favourably on any production, they generally accepted her recommendation. Now that the weather is warmer, it is likely that the King will enjoy a round of playgoing. It is some little time since he visited a theatre, the reason being that it was considered inadvisable for him to risk going out at night during the cold and bitter months from which we have at length emerged.

IF there is one corner of the world where Miss Mary Pickford is not regarded with that affection which should be the natural due of the "World's Sweetheart," it is the prison for women in which she lectured the other day. In England film-stars do not lecture our prisoners, though well-meaning folk occasionally sing at them. They order these things differently in America, even if the recent spectacle of the chairman of a bench of magistrates thanking, like Captain Corcoran in "H.M.S. Pinafore," the be-docked Dartmoor convicts for not having behaved badly, suggests that a similar state of things may not be far off.

But more agonising than any improving song must it be to listen to one who has both liberty and luxury telling those who have neither that they are really much better off in every way than she is. Hollywood does not work nearly so hard as it thinks it does; in any case, to compare film-work at a high rate of pay, which can be chucked at will, with tedious and unpaid tasks in a prison, from which escape is impossible, is nonsensical. Mary must think again—or, rather, start thinking about this subject for the first time.

BY THORPE

"Oh, yes, rather; I always read your magazine at my club. I just love the advertisements!"

Janet Jevons

Tessa Deane

Who proves a winner in "Derby Day," A. P. Herbert's comic opera at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. She plays the part of Rose, the barmaid at the Black Horse

SIR WILLIAM DAVISON won the first round with his Sweeps Bill, which is more than I, or most people, expected that he would. It was a plucky effort, since it meant incurring the certain displeasure of the unco' guid in that uncommonly respectable constituency, South Kensington. However, Sir William has done much for Kensington in a variety of ways,

we Must . . .

including, during the war, the raising of the 22nd Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers (Kensington), for which he undertook personal responsibility in such important matters as housing, clothing, and equipping the men, for which he received the special thanks of the Army Council.

However, the Sweeps Bill has a long way to go yet before it is on the Statute Book, since the Prime Minister has stated his inability to grant it swift facilities. Why should this be so ?

After many alarms and excursions it has at last been decided to hold an opera season at Covent Garden in the summer. Thus is removed what might have been a serious reproach to London—now officially declared to be enjoying better times.

The possibility even of political recrimination arising out of the omission was not remote. " See what comes of Protection ! " I can picture some of the die-hard Cobdenites declaring. " Under Free Trade there was always opera in the season. Tariffs have killed it ! "

The musical success of the thing is assured—with the finest Wagnerian singers in the world, some of whom, be it noted, will be British. British, too, are the chorus, the orchestra, the stage staff, the box-office keepers, the programme-sellers and commissionaires, the charwomen and, of course, Col. Blois, who has had a tough time with the negotiations and has kept his head and his temper amid a sea of difficulties.

Col. Blois, by the way, is not the mere military figure-head he is often supposed to be ; he is an enthusiastic music-lover, a good amateur pianist, and can talk in their own lingo to the polyglot crew which opera brings together.

Now that Sir Thomas Beecham is to conduct some of the performances—he is one of the finest conductors in the world—I foresee some interesting developments. There will be a social influx, which will be all the better for business. Sir Thomas is a born Bohemian and nobody could be less snobbish ; but he draws the musical snobs in his train in Pied Piper of Hamelin fashion, whereat the box-office may rejoice.

More amusing will be the quandary of sundry musical experts whose immutable policy it is (a) to abuse Covent Garden whatever it does and (b) to load with praise any musical enterprise which is even vaguely Beechamesque. While this season is in progress these folk will be about as perplexed as the chameleon which sat down on a tartan shawl. But that there has been, at any rate, a partial burying of the operatic hatchets is something for which music-lovers can be profoundly grateful.

The congratulations of innumerable friends will go to Captain Woolf Barnato on his marriage to Miss Jackie Quealy, who is officially described as one of Chicago's " Bright Young People."

"See Naples and Die"—of Laughter

Olive Blakeney as Nanette Dodge Kosoff and Bernard Nedell as Charles Carroll, her lover, in Elmer Rice's entertaining comedy at the Little Theatre, reviewed by our dramatic critic on page 12

Dora Maughan *Saska*

Who returned to the London stage last week as a star in the variety programme at the Dominion Theatre. All who have heard her sing "I 'm a bad, bad, bad, bad woman," agree that she is a good, good, good, good comédienne

Pearl Freeman

Jane Ayr

A recent portrait of the clever young variety star wearing one of the new "saucer" hats. She is a niece of the Marchioness of Winchester and of that noted composer, the late André Messager

The presumably happy pair are now on the way from California to England by sea, and the fact that they are to make their home in London will mean much pleasant entertaining. "Babe" Barnato, cheery and quite unaffected, is a man whose way of life I have always admired. Lucky enough to be blessed with stacks of money, he has never been content to settle down into having an easy and luxurious time. I do not suggest he indulges in the more strenuous and more hazardous forms of sport for any other reason than that he thoroughly enjoys that mode of life. None the less, there is much to be admired in a very rich man who does not mind being uncomfortable. I remember meeting "the Babe" on one occasion when he had just won a race in a terrifyingly fast motor-boat. Not only was he covered with dirt, oil, and water, but blood was gushing from one of his thumbs. That was because he had held it throughout the race against a leaky pipe. He must have suffered excruciating agony. But he won.

I WAS glad to come across E. V. Lucas, in far better health than he has been for years, and in wonderfully epigrammatic form. He is one of the few really eighteenth-century figures we have left, though the fact that he is a delightful essayist has brought comparisons with Charles Lamb and suggests rather the early nineteenth. To me he seems rather another Horace Walpole. "E. V." once told me of what he considered the most insolently magnificent remark he ever heard. He was lunching at his club and he heard a man say to his companion: "This morning they offered me India!" Just a political appointment, of course. But what a notion this conjures up of elephants and ivory and lakhs of rupees casually handed over as a gift!

Milk — and Water-Colours

Mr. A. J. Jeffreys, a Bermondsey milkman, whose hobby is painting, at work on a picture of Greenwich Park. The milkman-artist's painting of the Bermondsey Town Hall was recently accepted by the Borough Council

PARIS theatre managers and cinema proprietors certainly appear to be made of sterner stuff than are many of those in our own country. When it became known that State amusement taxes were to be imposed they did not content themselves with singing a hymn of hate and leaving it at that, but made plans to close all the theatres and cinemas as a protest against what they considered to be a grave injustice. As a result, they were summoned to meet the French Prime Minister and the Minister of Finance, who offered to reduce the State tax of 5 per cent. and 2½ per cent. to 2 per cent., and the poor tax by 2½ per cent.

A REPORT states that the hands of the managers were greatly strengthened by the fact that the public were in sympathy with them, and were deeply grateful to them for not depriving Paris of its amusements. Although the theatre in this country is by no means in as parlous a plight as many croakers would have us imagine, I doubt if Londoners as a whole would express such unbounded admiration for a manager who refrained from closing his theatre. In fact, judging by one or two plays produced in the last few months, the discerning critic might well be grateful to certain managers if they *did* close their theatres.

BARRY JONES, who has returned to London for the revival of that most amusing play, "The Queen's Husband," which is running at the New Theatre, until Mussolini makes his début as a dramatist, was telling me that one of the most trying ordeals for an actor is to play an important scene when people close to the stage scrabble about in chocolate boxes to select a favourite sweet. The noise which is made by the crinkly paper in which chocolates are usually packed may not sound loud, but it is horribly audible on the stage, and is enough to put the most hardened performers off their stride.

THERE are some people, however, who can never be gripped sufficiently by a play to keep quiet. Some time ago at Drury Lane, when Queen Victoria's funeral scene in "Cavalcade" was causing much emotion, a woman in the dress-circle, during a moment of silence, turned to a friend and, in a loud voice, remarked: ". . . and I've found the most wonderful recipe for mince pies!"

AN unintentional interruption, however, can be equally devastating. Many years ago at the Lyceum, when Irving was playing Charles I, and was bidding farewell to Henrietta Maria before his execution, a woman in the gallery, overcome by emotion, cried out: "Oh, dear!" and even Irving could not at once restore the broken spell.

From Court to Canvas

Fräulein Cilly Aussem, the German lawn-tennis star, sitting to Herr Leo von Konig. Although she is very given to raising a racket, she proved a remarkably quiet sitter!

The Cynical Critic

(VILLANELLE)

A correspondent in a daily paper suggests that actors would trouble more to make themselves audible if dramatic critics were all seated right at the back of the theatre, as the latter would be so furious at being unable to hear the dialogue that they would slate the company. But *would* they?

I'LL have to come another day
If any critique's to be writ.
I cannot hear a word they say.

The "friends in front" in massed array
Voice, since the show is really "it,"
I'll have to come another day.

The cast as usual prates away;
Their lines, maybe, are full of wit—
I cannot hear a word they say.

If I must write about this play
(The thought does not appeal a bit),
I'll have to come another day.

For all I know this darned show may
Turn out a "flop" or prove a "hit":
I cannot hear a word they say.

So, thankfully, I cry "Hooray!"
And lack my usual urge to flit.
I'll have to come another day,
I cannot hear a word they say!

B. W.

Paul Tanqueray

SISTERS UNDER CAMERA FIRE

Two popular young members of society, Lady Brougham and Vaux and Mrs. Vyvyan Drury, the granddaughters of the late Field-Marshal the Earl of Ypres. Before their marriages they were very well known as Miss Valerie French and Miss Essex French, respectively

The Cat a

AT THE P

THIS musical play, which has le
first produced with great succe
London, as it possesses a pqu
the ingenuity of the theme, the com
score old-fashioned melody as wdl
pleasing to the ear, while the author,
both wit and humour are more evicen

One notable omission is any oa
not to be regretted, for, in his pac
plane which is always in key wth

Well played by a cast of artists
should continue to play the tunfu

A Playlet Within a Play

Above: Constance Carrington (Muriel Barron), Alice (Alice Delysia) and Jean Colbert (Eric Marshall) as they appear in the classical operette which is performed in "The Cat and the Fiddle" at the Palace Theatre

A Hero of Note—and Notes

Right: Victor Florescu (Francis Lederer), a young composer of classical music who finds that the girl he loves also loves syncopation, which is a musical bar to matrimony

nd the Fiddle

PALACE THEATRE

een brought over from America, where it was ccess, is likely to prove equally successful in quant flavour peculiarly its own. Thanks to mposer, Jerome Kern, is able to include in his ll as syncopated numbers, all of which are or, Otto Harbach, has provided a book in which ent than in the usual American musical comedy part for a low comedian; but his absence is ace, there is character acting on a very high h the play and therefore the more effective ts recruited from all over the world, the cat ful fiddle till the cow jumps over the moon

Above: Victor Florescu (Francis Lederer) and Shirley Sheridan (Peggy Wood) as they appear just previous to their final, and, of course, inevitable, reconciliation

Right: Shirley Sheridan (Peggy Wood), the musical Heroine. A pleasing "close-up" of a charming smile

Left: A scene showing Major Sir George Chatterley (Martin Walker), Clement Daudet (Austin Trevor), members of an opera syndicate; Shirley Sheridan (Peggy Wood), a jazz composer; Victor Florescu (Francis Lederer), the composer of classical music, with Alice (Alice Delysia), a good-hearted actress, clinging to the man she loves. A dispute is in progress relative to interpolating syncopation into the Hero's classic score

Photographs by Janet Jevons

FAMOUS FILM PARTNERS

Above is seen Maurice Chevalier, smaller than life but three times as natural, who is the star of the new Paramount picture, "One Hour With You," in which the attractive and clever Jeanette Macdonald is the leading lady. This new talkie, based on the Continental musical play "Only a Dream," centres round the adventures in Paris of a young song-writer in search of inspiration, and will be shown in the West End in the not far distant future

JEANETTE MACDONALD

My Weekly Thought

Those Tiresome Farmers

By Norman Thwaites

ONE of the sterling qualities of the Briton is that he cannot easily be stampeded into foolish action. Unhappily, this carries with it the difficulty of getting any action at all. It required a national crisis of gargantuan dimensions to make him realise that without his peremptory insistence our legislators would do nothing. Now that Mr. Citizen has scolded the politicians into action and secured some measure of protection for our great industries—agriculture and manufacturing—it is up to the farmers and industrialists to show that the fault has not been theirs, and that they are ready to do their bit. There comes at this moment an S.O.S. from the railways on which industry depends for the transport of its goods.

TWELVE hundred millions of money have been invested in railway securities which represent the assets of individuals, insurance companies, friendly societies and trusts. Institutions in which the thrifty have placed their savings will be impoverished if these securities become worthless. It is a desperate situation, and yet nobody seems to be in a panic about it. The greatest single industry in the country is threatened with collapse.

The development of the motor industry and road transport competition, plus world depression, are the chief causes for this state of things. Transport managers did not see what was coming. They never do. Ten years ago I warned a great shipping magnate that aviation would take the cream of his trade away from him, and suggested that he should get into the game. Two years ago I reminded him of my warning. He told me that he had not changed his opinion, and that he could not recommend his fellow directors to do anything about it. To-day mails and passengers in growing volume are being carried by aeroplane instead of by his ships.

WHILE motor transport has been presented free of cost with highways, the railways have had to spend £800,000,000 on permanent ways and in addition are required to maintain 600 miles of roads over bridges. Out of £490,000,000 spent on the roads during the nine years to 1929, only £180,000,000 was contributed by the owners of motor vehicles, the rest being found by the public. Incidentally, the railways use 13,000,000 tons of British coal, giving employment to 60,000 miners, while motor haulage uses *imported* oil as fuel to the tune of £10,000,000 a year! Those hideous Juggernauts that traverse our country roads and lovely lanes should be made to pay a larger share in the upkeep of highways.

ALL this being granted, I suggest that the railways could augment their revenues by picking up small freight at low rates. About £1,000,000 worth of cut flowers were imported to England last year, largely by means of the most costly transportation—the aeroplane. Yet there are gardens within a few miles of London which could furnish the entire market if railways made it easy for them.

I live within thirty miles of Marble Arch, and for some years captured prizes in London and local shows for carnations and chrysanthemums. But it does not pay me to send them to London by rail.

Let it be noted that there are 185,000 farms in this country of less than 50 acres capable of vastly increasing their products if they could market them profitably. I shall be told that loading and unloading will delay the dispatch of trains. My answer is that many trains are made up in my station, and similar stations at the extremities of the suburbs. The vans lie in a siding all night. If the retort is that unloading at the termini must be considered, I reply that a sliding floor could be designed for speedy removal of goods.

Lady Diana Wellesley

The report of whose engagement to Mr. J. A. Mollison, the famous airman, who recently broke the record for a flight to the Cape, has been denied by her mother, the Dowager Countess Cowley

The Guest of Honour

Forbra, the winner of this year's Grand National, drops in to tea with his trainer, Mr. Rimell, who is seen with his wife and daughter entertaining their guest

America Triumphs

Cyril Tolley, captain of the British team in Bermuda, congratulates George Voigt, the American captain, on winning the Castle Harbour Cup.

Round the Town

By Jane Gordon

Hay Wrightson.

Above: The Hon. Diana Carleton, whose engagement has been announced to Viscount FitzHarris, the only son of the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury. She is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Dorchester

Right: A stroll in the Park. Those well-known sisters, the Misses Nancy and Baba Beaton, making the most of the Spring sunshine in Hyde Park

UNLESS this epidemic of weddings eases up soon, we shall all be in grave danger of bankruptcy. It seems to me that hardly a day passes that one does not find a wedding invitation sitting on the hall table, and visions of another wedding present rise up to haunt one. Miss Molly Le Bas has been one of our most recent brides, Miss Joan Fielding, who is quite the smartest girl in Warwickshire, is being married on the 25th of this month, and we have several other important weddings to look forward to in the near future; so the problem of finding anything like an original present becomes more and more difficult.

THERE are certain people who have standard wedding presents that they invariably give. Mrs. Nigel Battine is one of these. She always gives a silver hot-plate, which is not only better-looking than the ordinary brass variety, but has a detachable top which can be taken off for cleaning purposes. In fact, it is one of the nicest hot-plates I have ever seen. The late Sir Arthur Denman used to give a charming flat silver-gilt bowl. Brides of to-day suffer acutely from coffee-cups. One of the nicest presents, if you want to give your friends something a little different from other people's, and yet not too expensive, is a set of enamelled or old silver bottle labels for liqueurs or whisky, port, sherry, and the like.

DETECTIVES at wedding receptions have very much less to take care of in the way of jewellery in these days than they had a few years ago. When Lady Brecknock and Lady Louis Mountbatten were married, the jewellery section of the wedding presents was like a Cartier exhibition; and stones that were very fashionable in those days were aquamarines. Lady Brecknock was having supper the other evening at the Embassy, and she wore an enormous ring consisting of one square aquamarine which was quite beautiful and much more effective in the evening than sapphire. Mrs. Marshall Field, who was with another party, was wearing three of the loveliest bracelets I have ever seen—one of sapphire, the other of diamonds, and the third of rubies, each about an inch wide. The stones were placed so near together, and yet were so supple, that the bracelets looked almost like bands of velvet. Her dress was pale grey georgette with a cross-over arrangement on the bodice of deep orange.

IT is extraordinary how jewels are affected by fashion. There was a diamond that was found in the Premier Mines before the War. It was 365 carats in the rough. It was cut into an enormous round diamond of 150 carats, which was sold in those days for £15,000. Not long ago this same diamond was re-cut in the United States into an emerald-shaped stone, and in the re-cutting it lost 50 carats, and yet it was sold at £60,000. I wonder who has that diamond now.

PEARL rings are coming into fashion again. Miss Rosemary Cohen was wearing a ring consisting of one large round white pearl, the other evening at the May Fair Hotel; and when Mrs. Cecil Pim was out dancing a night or two later, she wore a black pearl ring and white stud pearl ear-rings. Her dress was white chiffon with a large pattern of pale orange-coloured flowers, and she wore a little jacket of the same material with three-quarter length sleeves finished with wide fox bands. Orange has been the popular colour lately. Mrs. Gray-Horton was also dancing the same evening in an orange-pink tucked chiffon dress.

IN Paris women are wearing a new kind of wind-swept shingle. The little pieces are brought forward around the face in the same way that they are here, only the ends are curled backwards, which gives a rather amusing effect. One of the prettiest Parisian girls who has come to live over here is the Princess Dmitri, who married a few months ago. She is very tall, with wide grey eyes and real yellow hair. Her father is one of the most important people in Chanel's establishment, so the Princess should soon become one of London's leaders of fashion.

RESTAURANTS and clubs with galleries are really a great joy in the evening, because not only can you go in after a talkie in day clothes and have your supper, but when you see people dancing from a gallery, you have the feeling that you are watching a show produced entirely for your amusement. At supper in the gallery of the Café de Paris the other evening, I was very much struck by the different types on the dance floor. There was Miss Pamela McDougal, a young film actress, who was looking very much the part, dressed in a pink tulle and diamanté dress, short pink kid gloves, and a spray of enormous pinkish-mauve orchids on her shoulder; and there was Miss Averil Streatfeild, one of our most sophisticated débutantes, in a long slinky dress of greenish-grey satin; and Mrs. Bruce Ogilvy, who was wearing an "Alice blue" gown complete with a little berthe. She has the face of a very small girl, and one would never believe that she was old enough to be married.

A Portfolio of Fashion

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

MADAME DÁVILA DE PÈNÀ, the daughter of General Dávila of Columbia, South America, has made her home in London for many years. Her eldest daughter, Mrs. John Sidney Tillotson, married Lady William Alexander's son, and her youngest child, June, is one of the smartest of the young girls in town. Here she is seen in an attractive hat of rough shiny black straw which comes from Edelle.

Photograph by Dorothy Wilding

BRIMS MAY OR DOWN, HAT IS WORN SHARPLY OVER

Lenare

LADY Mercy Dean is the youngest daughter of the Countess of Warwick and has inherited from her famous mother an exceptionally beautiful complexion and lovely Titian-colour hair. In the photograph on the left she is seen wearing a Patou hat of black straw which is perched upon a bandeau trimmed with blue cornflowers. This model comes from Edelle.

MANY women will welcome the return of the sheltering brim, and the black baku model sketched on the right is a particularly becoming version of the modified sailor hat. The black satin ribbon is threaded through a buckle of blue flowers. Above it is shown a hat of brown baku trimmed with three small pom-poms of straw in shades of brown, beige and orange. The third model is of hand-sewn black pedal and the bandeau and part of the crown are of pink violets. All three models are from Raymonde.

TURN UP BUT EVERY TIP-TILTED ONE EYE

MISS Jeanne Stourton, the daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Herbert Stourton, is greatly interested in business and has determined to make a career for herself. She is interested in the firm of Paris Hats and is seen here wearing one of their models. It is a breton model of black montelupo and its large brim is unexpectedly trimmed with a big bow of white piqué.

Lenare

ON the left is shown a group of hats suitable for the country, for race meetings, or for informal morning wear. The top sketch is of a model of green wool hopsack trimmed with a jaunty quill, which has a short scarf to match, while below on the left another hat and scarf ensemble is carried out in orange coloured silk and stitched brown wool canvas. The third model is of uncrushable brown felt and is typical of the excellent sports hats made by Woodrow, the old-established firm from which all three of these models come.

THE RIGHT CLOTHES

Checks, herring-bones and stripes while our hats appear to be less in

THE right clothes for the race-course are not only those which by a general consensus of opinion are considered "correct," but those which are most comfortable and practical. It is not often that Fashion considers the wearers of her whims, and "suitability to function" is more often quoted in connection with architecture (and then how seldom in this country!) than with clothes. But, luckily for all enthusiastic punters, tweeds and all the novelty woollens which are so much in evidence this season are correct for the race-course and the paddock. Of course, for Newmarket a more classical costume is worn than for the Park meetings, and the severe tailor-made, preferably of a sober hue, or a long man-tailored coat of tweed is almost a uniform. The first snapshot on the left of this page (No. 1) shows Miss Gladys Sammut, who "goes everywhere" and is to be seen at most smart race meetings, wearing a well-cut coat from Fortnum and Mason. It is made of tweed widely checked in green on an off-white ground, and with this she carries a capacious suède handbag, well suited to a day's racing, which matches her brown gauntlet gloves. Her hat of dull orange-coloured tweed has a stitched and turned-up brim. Next to her (No. 2) is shown an excellent costume from Busvine, which consists of a skirt finely checked in black and white, and a black single-breasted coat with patch pockets. With this is worn an amusing little cap made of the black and white check material tied with a black bow. The silver fox is correct for this type of costume and often a great comfort—even if we are, officially, half-way through spring.

On the right of this page (No. 3) is a snapshot of Miss Nina Rathbone wearing an attractive ensemble from Batik, Ltd. This consists of a military coat-frock of white and brown striped tweed, and a brown belt and accessories, including one of the new knitted jerseys with a high neck-line finished with a woollen bow. Coat frocks, or garments which suspiciously resemble them but often turn out to be a separate bolero and skirt, are one of the most welcomed old favourites of the season. Miss Rathbone, whose family own a charming country home in Dumfriesshire, is a keen race-goer, and is always one of the best-dressed young people in the paddock.

WHY does no one make a ballet with a race-course for a background and dancers dressed in the gay satins of jockeys?

Snapshots by Pamela Murray

FOR RACING

adorn, but discreetly, our woollens,
evidence than our gauntlet gloves

A different and more elaborate version of the long coat, and one which is only suitable for a park meeting, is shown on Mrs. Tommy Hutchinson (No. 4), and comes from Norman Hartnell. It is made of herring-bone tweed, and has a double cape collar in two shades of shaved lamb, ivory white and nut brown. It is fastened in front with a fur bow, and the fur on the skirt is appliqued in points down either side. Mrs. Hutchinson's gauntlets and belt are dark brown, and so is her little round hat.

Next to her on the right (No. 5) is a photograph of Lord Delamere's statuesque wife, who is the Duke of Buccleugh's niece, and was Miss Phyllis Scott. She is seen wearing a coat and skirt in the season's most fashionable colour—off-white. It is made of a rough-surfaced woollen material, and the coat dispenses with a collar, but is so cleverly cut that it stands up around her neck. The skirt is fashionably high-waisted, and with this costume, which comes from Echo de Paris, Lady Delamere wears a dark-green blouse and cap, while her bag and gloves match the shade of her suit. This fad of a dark blouse worn with a light suit is extremely smart, and examples of it were seen in nearly all the big collections in Paris this spring. Many of these dark blouses are made of black woollen materials and have a strong hint of the Fascist about them, but fashion can afford to over-ride and be indifferent to all political parties.

On the extreme right of this page (No. 6) is shown a smiling glimpse of Mrs. A. C. Daubeny, who is making a name for herself on the films at Elstree. Mrs. Daubeny is an ardent race-goer, and can be backed to wear the newest and smartest of costumes. Here she is seen in a suit from Fortnum and Mason made of a new type of tweed, which is so loosely woven as to be almost transparent, and is to be obtained in the most delightful colours. This costume is carried out in a large green and beige check and the coat is buttoned rather high in front in order to give the fashionable short revers. Her necklace of brass links is admirably in keeping with such a costume, and is the only type of jewellery permissible with real sports clothes—unless, indeed, we like to safeguard our health with a string of nutmegs. . .

M. G.

RACE MEETINGS are more than the meeting of a few enthusiasts to compare the speed of some quadrupeds, they are an irresistible spectacle beloved the world over

OXFORD'S GOLF VICTORY

With the 'Varsities at Royal Lytham and St. Anne's

An Approach Shot

I. A. de H. Lyle (Eton and Trinity) approaching the tenth green. In the Singles he lost to his Cambridge opponent, P. H. F. White, of Charterhouse and Trinity Hall

Driving Off

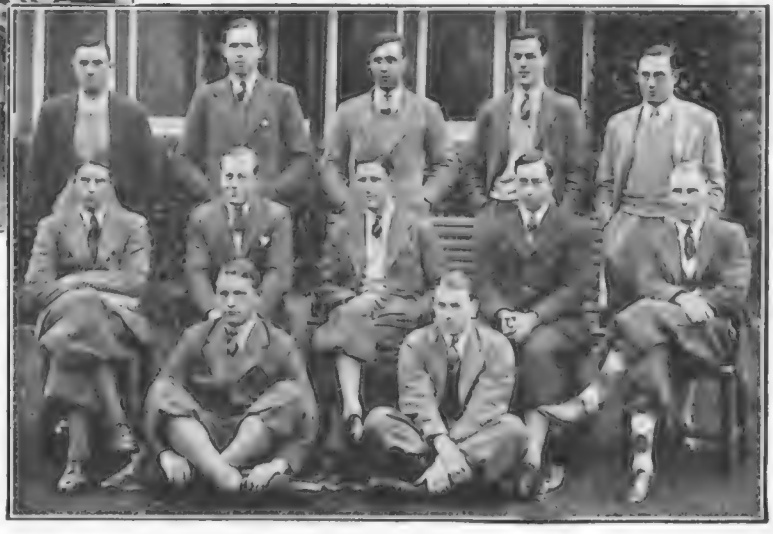
I. K. MacRosty (Glenalmond and Clare) the Cambridge captain, in action. He played a splendid game to win his singles against J. R. Keen

The Oxford Captain

J. R. Keen (University College School and Wadham) in action during the 'Varsity contest. Oxford won by nine matches to six

The Rival Teams

Above is the Oxford team. Back row: C. Middleton (left), E. L. Dunnett, R. Sweeny, E. H. Moss, and H. B. Dugmore. Middle row: E. G. Langford (left), C. Sweeny, J. R. Keen, J. W. L. Adams, and I. A. de H. Lyle. In front, the reserves, A. G. N. Robinson and I. A. D. Lawrie



Right are the Light Blues team in the recent 'Varsity match: I. K. MacRosty, D. A. Drayson, C. R. Chronander, J. W. P. Blenkin, P. H. F. White, K. T. Thomson, H. W. Higginson, G. R. A. Jamieson, P. G. Hatch, and F. A. Simmonds; and the reserves, the Hon. C. J. Lyttleton and J. S. Rowell

AUGUSTA AWAKES

By
OWEN ARCHER

Illustrated by
SHILTON

AUGUSTA awoke.

Slight sounds from the dressing-room alongside made her wonder if Bob and yesterday's lobster were having an unpleasantness, and thank her stars that, from the first, she had insisted upon his occupying the dressing-room.

Before their marriage she had made a discovery—a disastrous one for a frigid young woman to make. A snub unmanned Bob. Bob snubbed never even tried to kiss her. It was as tempting as possessing the key to the secret garden of a nunnery. More and more frequently she had had resort to it—till lately when the necessity had no longer arisen.

Bob, reflected Augusta, was an amiable, dependable, dear old shaggy thing—like a sheep-dog—and, now that he was trained, no trouble whatever. Being married, she had come to think, isn't half so bad as many wives make out.

She fondly imagined she could refuse to eat her cake and still not have it.

A wood-pigeon's persistent croon from the lime on the lawn kept Augusta fitfully dozing till the shrill whistling of Peak, the postman, made her wonder if he had delivered the drawings from Fawcett, the cubist, who had sworn to design a new frock for her.

Augusta got out of bed, pattered downstairs, and, with the sound of the servants breakfasting echoing from afar, picked the post from the box.

Stacks for Bob, who was always inundated with company reports and circulars; a letter addressed "Miss Winifred Hamilton-Cairns, at Hurstslade, Leatham Green, Hants"; a packet, most probably containing Fawcett's drawings; a note from an aunt; bills, her usual collection of eleemosynary letters, and an envelope endorsed "Private," in red ink.

Back in bed, Augusta thrilled over Fawcett's daring design; said under her breath, "Damned if I do," to her aunt's invitation to a bazaar; and then slit open the envelope marked "Private," saw Joyce Thelwall's signature, and murmured, "Fool! Private! Probably informing an incurious world that she 's expecting."

"Without Prejudice" was the heading to Joyce's note, and beneath it followed :—

"MY DEAR AUGUSTA,—*I feel this is what lawyers call a priviledged (ought the word to be d' d ?) occasion, and, anyhow, I 'm writing without malice, and it 's all* perfectly *true, so figs (gorgeous white ones from Cowes !) for the law of libel. I 've just been told that the Hamilton-Cairns girl has become your secretary . . .*"

Vicariously, Augusta was honorary secretary to Brownie Troop, Women's Institute, local branches of the Distressed Gentlefolk Association, N.S.P.C.C. and A., Prisoners' Aid Society, and at least a dozen other leagues, societies, associations, and clubs.

"You 're simply wonderful," people gushed. "How *do* you do it, my dear ? "

Only Augusta's secretary could answer the question.

"*Lately she 's been with the Pennycuicks*" (Joyce's letter went on). "*You 've run into them, haven't you ?*"

Augusta had. An outsider of a man with a hand that burnt your back when you danced with him.

"*There 's been an unholy bust-up*" (she read). "*Percy got entangled with the young person. Almost sank the matrimonial boat. In fact, poor Kathleen and Percy have only launched out together again quite recently. Of course, I know Bob 's miles too keen on you to play the fool, but with a vamp in the house one never knows, does one ? And, anyhow, I thought it simply a duty to let you know.*"

In Augusta's startled mind re-echoed those nocturnal noises that had awakened her, sounding in the light of her present knowledge most stealthy.

Out of bed she scrambled, tip-toed across the room, and opened the door of the dressing-room.

The bed was empty.

Tubbing already ? Augusta went noiselessly to the bath-room. Empty. And obviously Bob hadn't bathed because after Bob the deluge.

Augusta blinked. She only stopped blinking because she became conscious that she was blinking. Now that she knew the truth about the Hamilton-Cairns girl, Augusta's suspicions circled in her mind like pigeons about a cote.

She recalled the day when, unexpectedly early home, she had surprised Bob in a chair drawn close to Win's, pretending to learn the elements of shorthand.

Then there was that time she had burst into the gun-room, when Bob had explained that he was showing Win how to use a pull-through.

Bob teaching her billiards. Bob playing tennis with her. . . .

And where was Bob ?

Her thoughts flitted so rapidly that afterwards she wasn't sure what she had really suspected. At the time all she clearly realised was that that letter for Win in the box below could be used as a pretext for going upstairs.

Down to the letter-box she pattered. Upstairs she ran. Noiselessly she trod the upper passage that led to Win's room, knocked perfunctorily, and immediately opened the door.

The room was empty.

But one glance at the bed, old-fashionedly wide, electrified her. She tingled with horror. The two pillows were arranged side by side. In each was the depression of a head. She went in. An ash-tray stood on the bedside-table. Win didn't smoke, but Augusta counted eight butts.

THE sound of a car made Augusta hurry to the window, which obliquely overlooked what once had been the stable yard.

In her two-seater—the Riley had been his birthday present to her—Bob had arrived. In haste he was manœuvring the car into the garage. There was something half flurried, half deliberate, and altogether furtive about his movements. Augusta hurried out of the room and pattered back to bed. She was lying, her mind a turmoil, her wakeful eyes restive behind shut lids, when she heard stealthy movements in the dressing-room. Then silence fell till the morning tea arrived.

As Augusta sat up to sip, something sharp in the pocket of her dressing-jacket made her fumble therein and draw out an envelope. Mechanically, she opened it and read :

"*Madam,*

"*We are in receipt of the packet of letters returned by you to our Mr. Foot. Our client instructs us to enclose our cheque for £100 on the understanding that he is to be free from all further molestation whatsoever in the future.*

"*Faithfully yours* ——."

There followed a hieroglyph which Augusta afterwards assumed to be the signature of one of the partners in Foot, Freeman and Co., solicitors, of Lincoln's Inn Lane. At the moment, however, she was too bewildered to assume anything whatever. Packet of letters ! Cheque for £100 ! And she wasn't to molest some man or other !

She snatched up the envelope. "Miss Winifred Hamilton-Cairns," she read, "at Hurstslade, Leatham Green, Hants."

Win's letter. The pretext. Slipped into her pocket when

Bob's arrival in the stable-yard had made her forget everything else.

Win's letter. And what a letter!

Blackmail. Blood-money. It confirmed the most hideous suspicions that Joyce's letter had provoked. Bob had been marked down as the little vamp's next victim.

Well, this letter would end all that. Bob would be horrified, disgusted, appalled, infuriated. He would send Win packing. . . .

Not that his seeing the letter was necessary, reflected Augusta. She could whack Win without assistance. Easily. And suddenly she felt she would rather whack Win without it.

Augusta slid out of bed, took off her dressing-gown and pyjama coat, let the trousers slip, stepped out of them, and before beginning her exercises looked at herself in her long glass.

Set a shade obliquely in an oval face, that might have been of old ivory in contrast with her dark, crispy waved hair, sepia eyes looked back at her, unusually brilliant, obviously distressed.

"She 's younger," thought Augusta. "She 's—pretty, too, I suppose. But it 's a vapid face."

"Of course," decided Augusta, after her bath, "if I 'd been a glow-worm sort of woman—like Joyce, who lights up if anything in trousers comes within half a mile—the foul little sweep would never have had a look-in."

A note lay beside Augusta's plate on the breakfast-table. She pounced on it, scenting further developments.

"DEAR MRS. ELPHINSTONE" (she read),

"*I am so dreadfully sorry to leave you in the lurch like this, but circumstances have suddenly arisen that make my immediate departure absolutely imperative. I am walking to the Junction to catch the* 7.10, *so cannot see you before I go.*

"*Yours sincerely,*

"WINIFRED HAMILTON-CAIRNS."

Walking to the Junction! Not she! Wallowing in her Riley! What did it all mean? Had Bob got her away so as to meet her somewhere later in the day?

AUGUSTA went to the Gran-yard (the little sunny room where Bob's grandfather had been marooned till her death in '27), locked away the letters to and from Win, then sauntered back to kidney and bacon, toast and butter, and coffee hidden under a béret of cream.

Apparently she was deep in a picture-paper when Bob's brogues announced him from the hall.

"Morning," said she. "Topping day. Glass going up."

Bob said: "Is it?" strolled to the sideboard, added: "Bit too bright to last, I 'm afraid," and began to produce "Men of Harlech" in his peculiar, *sotto-voce* whistle. "Abominable" was Augusta's archaic epithet for it.

Bob sat down and opened the *Times*. At intervals he surreptitiously glanced at Augusta. He was wondering, she knew, why she made no comment on Win's sudden departure.

"Where 's Win?" he inquired at length.

"Just what I was going to ask you," observed Augusta.

"*Me?* Why?"

His eyes, she marked, were searching 'about in the jungle of coffee-pot, cruets, toast-rack, cup and saucer, marmalade jar, and the rest for Win's note.

"Run up and see if she' s overslept," suggested Augusta.

"My dear Augusta, that 's a little steep," he expostulated. "Hardly my job, what? You 'll be asking me to see if she 's washed her ears next."

"All right," said Augusta placidly. "I thought you were worrying about her. I 'm not. She 'll be down presently."

He opened his mouth. Nothing came out of it. Presently Augusta folded her paper, stood up, and, sauntering towards the door said:

"Any programme to-day, Bob?"

"No—o," said he, so dubiously that she knew every plan was cut and dried. "Thought, possibly, I might go up to town. One or two things. Shopping. All that."

"I see," said she, yawned, and left him.

Ten minutes later she burst in on him again.

"Bob," she exclaimed, shutting the morning-room door, "rather an unpleasant thing 's happened."

"My dear," ejaculated Bob, caught with his mouth full, and looking as though a wire noose were round his neck.

"My car 's been used."

"Oh, that!" said he. "Don't worry. I had it out before brekker. Couldn't sleep. Went a run. I dropped in on the Admiral. He was up and about. Sailors always do get up in the dead o' night, you know. Blasting away among the greenfly on his roses, he was."

"Oh," was her comment. "But why didn't you take your own bus?"

"Makes such a devil of a din getting her out. Thought I 'd disturb you. Knew you wouldn't mind my using the Riley."

"I see. Win not down yet?"

"Not a sign of her."

"Queer. Oh, by the way, p'raps that note—no stamp—looked like a circular. I 'll fetch it."

When she returned three minutes later from the Gran-yard she held out the note from Win in silence. Bob trying to register intense surprise would have amused her if anything in the whole vulgar, sordid, ugly affair could possibly have amused anybody.

"What d' you make of it?" she asked.

"Inexplicable," said he, dumbfounderment overdone. "What *can* be up? Looked worried some time, I thought."

"I never noticed. P'raps you look at her more than I do."

"Weird," said Bob. "No explanation. Just slings her hook without so much as a 'By your leave' or 'Damn your eyes.' By the way, anything I can do for you in town?"

"No thanks," she said placidly. "You see, I 'm coming along with you."

"What ? You ? London in August ! Thought you thought it impossible."

"Did I ? " was her comment. "Then I must have changed my mind."

The Elphinstones started off in Bob's Humber at ten o'clock.

"I 'll drop you at your club," said Bob on Putney Bridge. "I 've got to see old Dodds."

Dodds was the Elphinstone family solicitor. Why ? wondered Augusta. Could it possibly be that he wanted to raise money for some extreme stupidity ?

"What for ? " she asked.

"What for ? " he repeated, as though astounded. "Why, business, of course ; law business."

"I didn't think you 'd consult Dodds on—on how to make a night of it," she retorted. "Anything up ? "

"Nothing. Mere—technicality."

"A juridical nicety," murmured Augusta.

"Well, I ought to telephone—eh, what?" She was pointing in silence, her bare arm gleaming

"Exactly. You 've got it in one."

"Where," observed Augusta, as they shot down Eaton Square, speaking as though it had all been arranged, "shall we meet for lunch ? "

Bob looked astounded.

"Your club ? " she asked.

"Love it," said Bob.

At the kerb by her club in Burlington Gardens, Augusta said : "Bob, you will roll up for lunch, won't you ? I 'm relying on you."

"Of course I will. Looking forward to it no end. 1.30 sharp. So long, old thing. Topping frock that. Nice hat, too. You look—er—frightfully fetching."

Augusta watched him drive off, and thought : "He thinks he 's got clear away. Chortling. . . . Loathsome, men are."

Within fifteen minutes Augusta telephoned to the offices of Messrs. Howell, Dodds and Gidney, solicitors, of Southampton Row.

"Has Mr. Elphinstone arrived yet ? " she asked.

"Yes, ma'am. Our Mr. Dodds is with him now. Who 's speaking, please ? "

"Ask him if he can speak to Miss Hamilton-Cairns."

The clerk repeated the name, and said : "Hold the line, please." Quivering, Augusta did more than hold the line ; she clutched the receiver so tightly that there was only a pink crescent at the top of each nail.

"Is that you, Win ? " came suddenly out of the void in Bob's unmistakable, though agitated, voice.

"Yes," whispered Augusta, in any voice but her own.

"Don't worry. Everything 's being fixed up. I 've been lucky enough to get a couple of returned berths. Things are straightening out splendidly. We——"

Augusta risked no more, and hung up the receiver in speechless fury, horror, and misery. Passages ! Where ? A week-end in Paris doesn't call for passages. Something definite and enduring about the word. America or India or somewhere.

Going off for good !

Augusta, shivering, rang and ordered a bronx and a taxi.

FOOL ! " muttered Augusta at her first sip, and "Oh, what an abysmal fool I 've been ! " at her second. Men get tindery kept as she had kept Bob. Blind fool ! But so was Bob. Fool to have stood it. He ought to have thrashed her. . . . Too late ? No. Win wasn't going to win. She—she'd murder Win first. . . .

Ten minutes later Augusta reached Southampton Row. The Humber was not at the kerb. She went in and discovered that Bob was still engaged with Mr. Dodds. Patiently she waited in the cool gloom of the common entrance-hall below. At last she heard Dodds' voice saying : "Good-day, Mr. Elphinstone. *Good*-day."

Bob's brogues. Bob himself—absolutely astounded.

"Hello, Augusta ! "

"I thought we 'd lunch at the Holborn instead—so handy," she said, smiling.

"Right you are," said Bob promptly. "Come on. The bus is parked. We 'll stroll, shall we ? "

"Got through your business all right ? "

"As rain. All done."

"Then you 're at my disposal for the afternoon," said Augusta promptly. "We 'll go to—Lord's."

"Middlesex v. Surrey ! " breathed Bob. "How *did* you know ? And I thought you loathed cricket."

"I used to," she admitted. "So you 've noticed, what ? I 've changed. I 'm getting old, I suppose."

"Old ? You ? Bunk ! "

"Let 's have bubbly, Bob," suggested Augusta, when the wine-waiter appeared.

He ordered Mumm Cordon Rouge 1920. . . .

"Now for Lord's," she ejaculated, stubbing out her cigarette long before it was necessary.

She watched the bowler, the ball, the batsman, the fielder for the first time in her life. No burst of clapping made her irritatingly inquire, "What 's happened ? "

"Bob," she suggested during the tea interval, "let 's stay up in town, shall we ? Let 's put in a theatre and a dance. Let 's go to a hotel."

"I 'm all for it. But——"

"Oh, a 'but' ! " she deplored, looking quite tragic. "So you don't want to ? "

"I do. Frightfully. I was only going to say we 'd no kit. Not even a toothbrush."

"We 'll dash off now and buy some," declared Augusta, speaking with great animation. "We 'll blow into a hotel with brand-new suit-cases. They 'll think we 're on our honeymoon or—off the chain."

The way he looked at her made Augusta flush. He was altogether one "Why ? " So, though he didn't breathe a question, Augusta answered :

"I feel mad, that 's why. Utterly, gloriously mad. I feel like biting you to make you go mad, too."

So the Elphinstones shopped, and at 7 o'clock presented themselves at the Marlborough, London's latest mammoth hotel. In adjoining rooms with a communicating door on the fifth floor they unpacked twin suit-cases and the many boxes that had been sent in from various shops.

Augusta was in her room washing when Bob called out that he was going below and would order cocktails.

"Why below?" asked Augusta, appearing at the doorway inadequately shielded by a towel, an intimacy that yesterday she would have considered most unnecessary. "Let's have 'em up here."

"Well, I ought to telephone—eh, what?"

She was pointing in silence, her bare arm gleaming.

Bob glanced, and, pretending to be amazed at the sight of a telephone on the table at his bedside, ejaculated:

"Lord, so there is! Splendid!"

"Carry on," said Augusta. "I'll shut my door in case your talk's secret and confidential."

She did not listen—the door was too thick—but she was smiling as she put on the peach-coloured crêpe georgette frock with needle-run lace that Bob had insisted on buying her at Marjoribanks.

He was telling Wyn he had been detained—lying, she didn't doubt—probably saying old Dodds had kept him on business. He was making new appointments, assignations—dates. Well, he wouldn't keep them. Not one. They weren't silk stockings she was smoothing; they were—what was the word for the tin things knights wore over thin legs?—oh, yes, greaves. The peach-coloured frock was the rest of her armour, and her picture hat with its organdie sweet peas was a helmet. She was in the lists—out to whack Win, out to roll Win in the dust, out to rub Win's nose in the mud.

She would keep Bob guessing, fired at high tension, till all danger was past. . . .

"Finished, Bob? Yes? Then come in."

Provocative the vision of her, one foot on a chair as she dusted a shoe and he opened the door. It was meant to be.

The Elphinstones dined, put in their theatre, supped and danced at the Café Turc, and arrived back at the Marlborough at 2.30 a.m.

Chattering, the communicating door ajar, they made ready for bed. Tinkles and splashings in Augusta's room ceased.

"It's been a top-hole evening. For me, that is," said Bob, when she appeared at the communicating door.

Augusta smiled and said:

"Me, too. You're rather nice to go about with. Hurstslade's a darling, but—a bit of a rut. It——"

Augusta broke off, looked at him as though she saw a changeling, and added:

"It—it got on my nerves. I've been—beastly to you. Don't deny it. It's true. Bob, can't we—kick over the traces just for once? Suppose we were—week-ending, where'd we go?"

"Well," said the astounded Bob, "there's always Paris."

"Paris," breathed Augusta, looking ecstatic. Take me, Bob?"

"Love to. All for it. When?"

"To-morrow. First thing. Bright and early. By air. Are you on?"

"Of course I am."

"You dear person! I feel frightfully excited. Good-night."

Next morning the Elphinstones raced back to Hurstslade, packed, motored to Croydon, and flitted across the Channel; that afternoon they had tea at Sherry's; that evening they dined at the Restaurant de l'Univers, saw the show at the Comédie Française opposite, and wound up the night by supping and dancing at the Capucines.

"I was always frightfully fond of you," whispered Augusta in the small hours. "I know I didn't show it. I've been so crashingly silly. But I *will* be better, Bob, darling."

"You couldn't be," said Bob.

"Darling," said Augusta still later on, "I'm sure all the waiters here think we're on our honeymoon."

"About things like that," answered Bob, "French people never make a mistake. They're as sharp as needles."

* * * * *

When the Elphinstones, talking nineteen to the dozen, were having tea, seated in two huge armchairs in front of a blazing log-fire in the Hurstslade drawing-room a month later, the door was opened and "Miss Hamilton-Cairns" was announced.

The insolence of it infuriated Augusta. She looked up, wishing she were Medusa, but did not stir.

"I've come to apologise," exclaimed Win. "Please, Mrs. Elphinstone, let me tell you all about it—unless you know already."

The girl glanced at Bob, who had scrambled out of his chair. So did Augusta.

"I swore I'd keep my mouth shut," she said. "And I have."

"You see, Gwen—she's my kid sister," said Win, speaking very swiftly, "was companion-secretary to some people. The husband was——"

"Percy Pennycuick, Augusta," said Bob, as she hesitated. "Needn't say more, what?"

"There was a ghastly row," said Win, with a grateful glance. "Then, to my horror, I found he'd written her dozens of silly letters, and she was—almost blackmailing him. Of course, I immediately put a stop to that. He'd put the thing into his lawyer's hands. I sent them the letters. A day or so later Gwen turned up here."

"Here?" exclaimed Augusta, glad to say something and rejoicing that merely being an echo was adequate.

"Yes. Late one night. Flung gravel at my window. I crept downstairs. Up in my room she smoked and cried and cried and smoked. At last I got her to tell me why she'd tried to get money out of Mr. Pennycuick——"

"Serve the swine right if he had been made to shell out," broke in Bob.

"Well, he did," said Win. "The cheque was sent to me here, only it somehow went astray. It's stopped now. I told them we wouldn't have touched one farthing, anyhow. Even Gwen came to see that. She's fallen in love, you see. Only the boy hasn't a bean. She and Harry were longing to get out to a brother of his in Canada—a ranch—and start afresh. Poor Gwen. Absolutely done in that night, she was. She flopped, and I let her sleep in my bed till half-past five. Then I roused her. We crept downstairs, carrying our shoes. Gwen dropped one. The noise woke Mr. Elphinstone. He opened his door and came downstairs, and made Gwen tell him the whole story."

Win paused, looked at Bob with working mouth and eyes brimming with sudden tears, and added:

"He told us not to worry, said he'd lend Gwen the money for a special licence, and their passage to Canada, drove us to the Junction, sent a clerk from his solicitors later in the day with the tickets—was the very kindest and sweetest person ever."

"Bunk—oh, blasted bunk!" said Bob, very gruff and very red. "Only did what any josser would have done in my shoes, that's all."

"And now Harry's brother has sent the money from Canada so I can repay him," said Win. "Only the £100, though, for I can't ever repay all the rest you did. Here it is. Gwen and Harry are married, Mr. Elphinstone, and it's all due to you."

As she handed a little wad of notes to Bob, Win added apologetically to Augusta:

"Please try to forgive me. Of course, I ought to have told you everything. Only, you see, it wasn't my secret, and I'd promised Gwen faithfully to tell nobody. So——"

"I'm glad you didn't!" cried Augusta, and laughed in their startled faces.

"Bob, give me those notes."

Bob handed them over without a word.

"Let's send the money back to them," exclaimed Augusta, "as our wedding present!"

"But, my dearest old girl," expostulated Bob, "we——"

"We owe them all of it—and more," declared Augusta.

"Owe *them*?" ejaculated Bob, then noticed Augusta's flush, and her discomfort, and added hastily: "But, of course, if you say so, my dear, it goes—unquestionably."

Such are the terms they are on. Cheap at £100, thinks Augusta.

O. A.

OUR SPRING FASHION NUMBER

Next week's issue, April 13th, will contain a special fashion supplement of twelve pages, eight of which will be in colour. We are confident that this departure from our regular proceedure will be welcomed by our readers, and that the fashions so attractively displayed will be of interest to all women.

MAN and WIFE

A Naval Wedding

Above : Lt. C. F. W. St. Quintin, R.N., leaving Holy Trinity, Brompton, with his bride, Miss Helen Kay, beneath a Naval Guard of Honour

Below : Flying Officer J. S. Pole, R.A.F., leaving the Cathedral, Brentwood, with his bride, Miss Valerie Russell, after their wedding

An Air-Force Wedding

Right : Mr. Edward Salkeld Sharp, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Sharp, of Silverdale, near Canforth, with Miss Emily Black, youngest daughter of Mr. Adam Black, leaving St. George's, Hanover Square, after their wedding

A Civilian Wedding

Below : A group taken after the wedding of Flt. Lt. C. H. Brill, R.A.F. (Calshot), to Miss Margot Cairns, at St. James's Episcopal Church, Cupar, Fifeshire. The best man was Flt. Lt. E. F. Waring

A Surrey Wedding

Mr. Francis Balfour, the younger son of Sir Arthur Balfour, with his bride, Miss Muriel Berry, daughter of Rear-Admiral Berry, who were married at St. John's Church, Merrow, Surrey

A Scottish Wedding

Beginning a new weekly feature—

SPORT

A Cricket "Find"

Laurie Nash, the twenty-two years-old Australian bowler, who will probably be given a trial in the next Test matches against England. He is very fast indeed, and keeps a good length whilst bowling

Karel Kozeluh

The great lawn-tennis "pro," whom Czecho-Slovakia wish to reinstate as an amateur, following the action of Italy, who want to strengthen their Davis Cup team thus

Expert Assistance

Jack Durston, the famous Middlesex cricketer, giving a few useful hints to public-school boys who are already getting in trim for the coming season with net practice at his indoor school at Acton

YOU may detect rather an aggressive tone in the title of these random notes on games. Perhaps you will bear with me, therefore, while I explain right away that I don't intend to be unnecessarily aggressive, though I do propose to say my piece candidly now and again. You will probably disagree with me quite often, when I hope you will tell me where I 'm wrong; but I 'm not much concerned with criticism. My only aim is to express a definite point of view about all kinds of modern sport as consistently and fairly as I can.

I HAD better make it clear, incidentally, that modern sport doesn't seem to me to be in a particularly healthy condition. There is too much ballyhoo about it, too much emphasis on its spectacular and financial aspects. There are lots of things about it I detest—professionals who masquerade as amateurs, for example, and juvenile golf and tennis champions, and professional boxing promoters. You 'll think me a cantankerous party, I 'm afraid, but anyway, here goes!

AT once we run up against the fight between Donald McCorkindale, the South African heavy-weight, and Primo Carnera, of Italy, which is due to take place to-morrow night (April 7) at the Albert Hall. I cannot believe that this match should ever have been contemplated, let alone arranged. We all greatly admire McCorkindale, for he is a splendidly courageous fellow, and quite a useful boxer, and his second contest with Larry Gains was an epic affair. Even so, he is not in Carnera's class. If he does happen to win, it will be on a foul, or simply because Carnera is pulling his punches for fear of hurting him unduly.

The fact is that no heavy-weight to-day could stand up to Carnera if he were really going all out. Dempsey at his best might have beaten him, but when Dempsey was asked to fight him, he said, "I could knock the wop down, perhaps, but I couldn't keep him there. No man in the world could do that."

CARNERA is a phenomenon. He is a far better boxer now than many people think, and he is remarkably fast. What is more, his strength is prodigious, and if he ever puts his full nineteen stone behind a properly-timed punch, there will be, as the old song has it, "another little job for the undertaker."

I have nothing against Carnera personally. He is an

Specially drawn for THE BYSTANDER *by Mel*

Tournament Time in London

Our cartoonist's impression of some of the competitors and officials at the first hard court tournament of the year. It was held at the Paddington Lawn Tennis Club

with the LID OFF

A fair, frank and free commentary on Games

By "Mark Over"

amiable, intelligent fellow, and a clean fighter, but until we find another Jack Dempsey we don't want to see him matched with ordinary heavy-weights.

SOME people, by the way, seem to think that already we have a budding Dempsey in Jack Petersen, the young Cardiff heavy-weight who knocked out Charlie Smith in the last round of their fight on Easter Monday. I saw that fight, and I was sitting next to Jimmy Wilde, who said to me before it began, "If Charlie can avoid Petersen's right for the first two rounds, I think he's bound to win on points."

WELL, he avoided the right, and then Petersen surprised us all by his superb fighting spirit in the closing rounds. Smith is a crafty old veteran, and Petersen put up a fine show. For all that, he is a very long way from being a champion yet. He is brimful of promise, but his defence is shocking, he wastes energy, as amateurs do, and he doesn't know how to use the ring. Still, with that whip-lash right-hand punch and his speed and fighting instincts, he may develop with wise direction. He is a bit spare about the body yet, but he'll thicken out in due course. I only hope, when he has beaten Reggie Meen and become champion of England, that he will not be pushed on too fast. Larry Gains, for example, would cut him to ribbons, and as for setting him at Carnera, the idea is criminal.

AS I write, there is reported to be a crisis in the lawn-tennis world. Italy apparently proposes to reinstate two famous professionals as amateurs in order that they may join the Italian team in the Davis Cup matches. Czecho-Slovakia, too, have their eye for the same purpose on Karel Kozeluh, who next to W. T. Tilden, is the best professional player in the world.

The "Skipper"

Mr. D. R. Jardine, who will captain Surrey this season. He succeeds Mr. P. G. H. Fender, who held the office for some years

A Weighty Matter

H. N. Saunders putting the weight for the Old Harrovians in their recent athletic match against Dulwich College. The meeting was held at the latter school

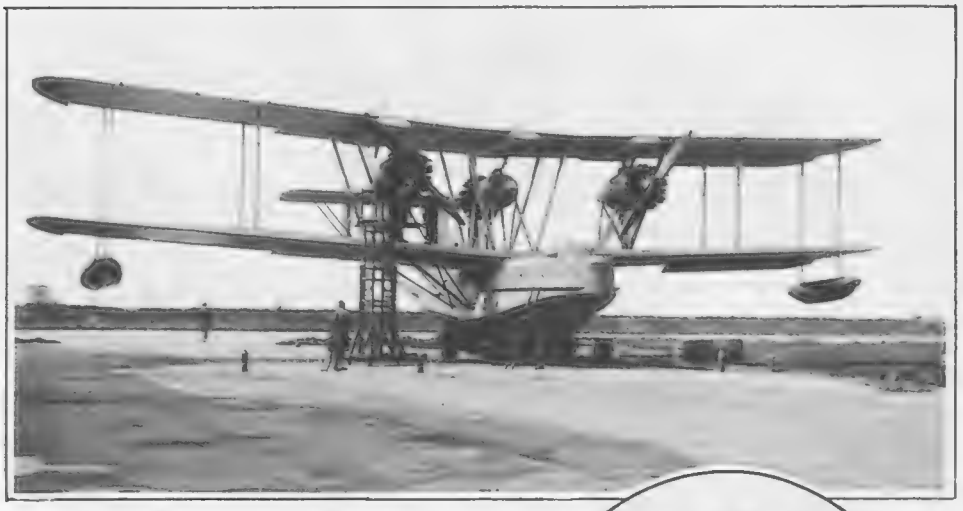
A "Rising" Player

Miss Butt caught in a Pavlova-esque attitude whilst playing in the singles at the Paddington Lawn Tennis Tournament. A good entry was received, and there was plenty of exciting play on most days

THIS is a fantastic state of affairs, though by the time these notes appear it will probably all have blown over. The fact that the rumour could ever have arisen, however, is a significant indication that competitive lawn-tennis is rapidly ceasing to be a game, and becoming a business of real international importance. Italians are afraid, I suppose, that if they are beaten in the Davis Cup their national prestige will suffer. Perhaps it will, in this topsy-turvy world of ours, but when a game can have such repercussions it is high time we took stock of our attitude to sport. I haven't space to go into the wide issues involved now, but I sometimes feel that it would be a mighty good thing if Great Britain withdrew from all these international contests, and left us to play games as they should be played, simply for enjoyment and relaxation.

(Continued on page 46)

National Aviation Day . . By Capt. C. E. Ward



The Blackburn "Iris" has been fitted with Armstrong-Siddeley "Leopard" engines, one driving a pusher airscrew. This machine is the largest flying-boat in use by the R.A.F., and has carried out several cruises to the Middle East and along the Persian Gulf

Sir Alan Cobham's Tour

AIRWAYS will be the highways of the future, principally because it is possible only by air to take the shortest route between any two points. The control of long-distance air routes is of special importance to us, dependent as we are for our food and a large part of our wealth on easy transport from overseas. The small size of our own country is a great disadvantage for the development of flying, because aeroplanes need distance to prove their utility. On the other hand, unless we can develop aviation at home, we have no surplus personnel or equipment to send abroad for the purpose of building up air transport and traffic where it is most needed. The greatest need of all in Great Britain is a landing ground at every town, because people will fly just as soon as it is really a convenience for their business or pleasure. We are certainly fortunate in having such an able campaigner as Sir Alan Cobham to arouse the interest of the public in aviation, and to direct its thoughts along the right lines. Commencing this month and continuing until the end of October, he is conducting another tour of the country, during which visits will be paid to nearly 200 of the more important towns.

A Mandate for British Aviation

THE main idea of National Aviation Day, as his tour is called, will be to acquaint the public with practical flying at close quarters, and a variety of machines will be used to make the display representative of British aviation at its best. A new type of passenger machine built by Airspeed, of York, will be available for the first time, and there will be displays of aerobatics, demonstrations of gliding, formation flights, air races, and parachute descents. Each of the leading aeronautical bodies that control some branch of aviation activity has subscribed a clause to a Mandate, which urges that an energetic policy is required to develop flying. Copies of this Mandate will be presented at every place visited on the tour, and it is hoped that at least one million people will give their signatures as an expression of their agreement with its aims and objects. The Mandate being an authoritative document, it follows that its support by the public will provide a strong case to place before the Government and Municipal authorities. Lord Wakefield, who was associated with Sir Alan Cobham's tour in 1929, when he gave flights to 10,000 school-children, has offered similar facilities this year to civic representatives, so there is no reason why every Mayor and his Corporation should not take the air.

"Aero Films"

Mr. J. R. Chaplin with his Avro "Avian" at Heston, where Henleys maintain a service station for Avro machines and teach clients to fly free of charge

The London Club

THE senior flying club in the London district, with headquarters at Stag Lane, can provide a ready answer to the attack made by a Member of Parliament quite recently on the usefulness of flying clubs in general, and of women pilots in particular. With a healthy membership, most of whom fly regularly, the London Club has found that the number of hours flying per member has increased steadily each year since its formation. Women pilots having been denounced as dangerous and inefficient, it is interesting to note that no less than five women members are holders of a current professional licence—the Hon. Lady Bailey, Miss Spooner, Miss Amy Johnson, Miss Pauline Gower, and Miss E. J. Muntz. If further proof is needed that women are useful to aviation, there are two who secured their Ground Engineer's licences at Stag Lane—namely, Miss Amy Johnson and Miss Dorothy Spicer. The Club premises being situated in the home town of the "Moth," it is only natural that there should always be plenty of machines ready for flying. Major Travers is the chief instructor, and Mr. Spencer the Secretary, to whom all enquiries should be addressed.

Air Racing

THE race for the MORNING POST Trophy, to which I made brief reference last week, will be held under Royal Aero Club Rules, and full particulars can be obtained from Mr. R. P. G. Denman, at Heston. Among several novel features to be introduced, there are three of more than passing interest. Pilots must fly alone in their machines; the handicap is to be arranged both on the performance of the machines and the experience of the pilots; finally, some of the turning points will not be known until the start, so that expert navigation is essential for success. There is a great deal of hidden talent amongst club members, and it would not be at all surprising if someone quite unknown carried off the Trophy. The reason that air racing never attracts the large number of entries which are possible is, I believe, due to one simple fact—that both private owners and clubs object to flying their machines all out for hours on end. It is quite true that the modern machine and engine stand up remarkably well to such treatment, but there are many people who refuse to take the risk of a breakdown, not necessarily in a race itself but during ordinary flying after the event. There is a definite need for a new kind of race in which flying can take place at cruising speeds, and if any readers have useful ideas on the subject I should be glad to publish them.

The Cape Flight

MR. C. MOLLISON'S flight to the Cape is a tribute mostly to his own powers of endurance and skill in navigation, for we have become accustomed to records being broken by the Puss Moth and its Gipsy engine, backed by such national products as K.L.G. Plugs, Wakefield's "Castrol," and Shell petrol. The West African coast route to Cape Town, *via* France, the Mediterranean, and across the Sahara, is shorter by 1000 miles than the Imperial route through Egypt, but it passes over foreign territory almost the entire way. An additional disadvantage is the desert crossing. It was very bad luck on Mollison that the lighting at Cape Town airport is inefficient or badly operated.

BY APPOINTMENT

POINT TO POINT RACES

For Outdoor Sport, in the brisk invigorating air of a Spring day, the fresh clean fragrance of the Yardley Lavender is the one perfume attuned to the mood and moment.

Fashionable women all over the world love its exquisite fragrance. Those who know and can command the best of life's little refinements never tire of the simple and wistful beauty of the Yardley Lavender.

Sprinkler Bottles from 2/6 to 16/6. Stoppered Bottles from 6/3 to 70/-. Pocket Flasks 1/9 and 3/-.

YARDLEY LAVENDER

YARDLEY HOUSE
33 Old Bond Street
LONDON . . .

¶ The Yardley Lavender series includes: Lavender Soap—'THE LUXURY SOAP OF THE WORLD'—2/6 a box of three tablets, Complexion Cream 3/-, Complexion Powder 1/9, Compact 2/-, Lipstick 2/-, Bath Salts 2/6, 5/-7/6, 10/6, Talcum Powder 1/2, etc. Of all Chemists, Coiffeurs and Stores.

Bolshevism : Fascism : Modern Magic

By "Junius"

"Cheiro"

The famous seer who in private life is Count Louis Hamon. His book of memoirs, "Confession" (Jarrolds, 18s.) is reviewed by "Junius" on page ii

GENERALLY speaking, the attitude of English people towards Bolshevism and Fascism is one of extreme distrust and prejudice. This is the result of comparison between our own institutions and those which now obtain in Russia and in Italy. Two books have just been published which are worth close study because of the unprejudiced light they throw upon the Soviet aims in the North and Mussolini's leadership in the South. They are *From Baltic to Black Sea* (Sampson Low; 12*s.* 6*d.*), by Archibald Forman, and *Modern Italy* (Dent; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Cicely Hamilton. Both have the advantage that their writers wandered off the beaten track, and describe exactly what they saw without the least bias. This in itself is a great help towards the realisation of conditions in Russia and Italy. Of the two, Italy is certainly to be preferred as a dwelling place. Bolshevism would seem to have shorn life of practically all its agreeableness and amenities.

"In many respects the average living conditions are appalling." Food is scarce, "prices are everywhere very high, and average, at the rate of exchange given to tourists, some three times the price of similar articles at home." Hotels are dear, very dirty, and personal cleanliness, like religion, seems to be rapidly disappearing from the country. The State is trying to destroy home life, its place being taken by the workmen's clubs. Since there is no competition, there are no advertisements, except State propaganda of Bolshevist beliefs, "The worker is never permitted to forget his mission in life—the spread of the gospel of Communism."

WHILST dwelling-houses, into which people are herded like cattle, are falling into disrepair all over the country, immense sums have been spent on building factories which, says Mr. Forman, "are generally well planned, but are of shoddy construction and in many places are lying idle waiting completion owing to the dearth of skilled artisans or material." This book describes the author's second visit to Russia, which gave him the opinion that the "Soviet Union has come to stay," but that at present it is "moving too fast, it is outgrowing its strength, it is attempting the impossible."

MISS CICELY HAMILTON has a very different story to tell about Fascism in Italy. Naturally, so ardent

Mrs. Elinor Glyn

The famous novelist, whose latest book, "Love's Hour," was recently published by Duckworth's. The setting is in Hungary, where Mrs. Glyn has been making a long visit.

a feminist as Miss Hamilton has no sympathy with the position accorded to women under the Fascist rule which favours the woman who is a wife and mother. "It is part of that Cult of the Cradle," she says, "which Fascism seeks to encourage." On two points Bolshevism and Fascism see eye to eye and follow exactly the same procedure. One is the education of children and young people in the national beliefs and aims; the other is the unceasing propaganda by State advertisement. For the rest, except that both Russia and Italy have dispensed with Parliamentary government, there is no similarity in the working of the two systems, and whereas Bolshevism would seem to aim at the moulding of the individual into a labour-producing unit for the benefit of the State, Fascism aims at the training of all the faculties of the individual, no matter in what direction they may lie, for the same object.

NO nation cares for its children with the thoroughness and vision of the Fascist State. "The Fascist Government," Miss Hamilton says, "has set education in the forefront of its aims; and Italian education nowadays is no longer purely 'intellectualist' as it was but a few years ago. It includes the care of health, the training of the body, as well as a training in habits of good citizenship. Since good citizens must be sound in wind and limb, young Italians of to-day are bred to exercise, in drill and athletics, in fencing and gymnastics; and there has, further, been established a thoroughgoing system of seaside and country holidays. . . . The small boys and girls that you see in school and street are cleaner, sturdier, and a finer little race than they were a few years ago."

I HAVE found *Modern Italy* of absorbing interest because Miss Hamilton is so fair. We have no other book in English which gives us so vivid and true a picture of the Fascist State. "The essentials of the new, artificial form of State," she says, "would seem to be three: a man, a plan, and a faith. Lenin and Mussolini—these were the men; who each could evolve a scheme of things entire to which his community must fit itself. . . . Mussolini is said to have declared at the outset that, if he were given five years of authority, his system would be made to endure." Ten years have passed since the Fascist March on Rome, "for the adapting of his machine to the life of the nation . . . for 'right-minded' education—the instilling into the young Italian mind of belief in the splendour of the Fascist Revolution and a sense of duty to the State."

IN *Grand Hotel* and *Results of an Accident*, Vicki Baum chose a large canvas and filled it with figures, each in its way a masterpiece of characterisation. In her new book, *Secret Sentence* (Geoffrey Bles; 7s. 6d.), which appeared in German under the title of *Feme*, the canvas is small, and is occupied for the most part by a young man, Joachim Burthe, who, in the belief that he was doing his country a service, assassinated a Minister. The rest of the story concerns his flight from justice. In the flight and hiding, Burthe realises that the Minister was a far better man than he is himself. The description of the mental processes through which he passes until he returns to Germany from America to work as a labourer and fisherman, are gripping in their intensity and psychology because

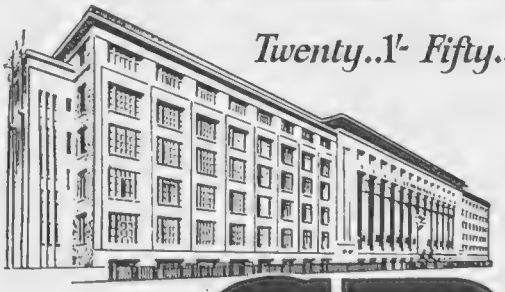
(Continued on page ii)

The ever-growing popularity of Craven "A" among Cigarette smokers of all stations, at home or abroad, is a tribute to their unvarying smoothness and the definite result of quality of leaf, inspired blending and painstaking care in manufacture.

At Arcadia Works, Carreras add to their inimitable knowledge of mature and mellow tobacco crops, every development of scientific making and every scruple of Hygiene in the production of Cigarettes. As a result Craven "A" give *constant* smoking pleasure—and without risk of harm or irritation to delicate and sensitive throats.

The perfect condition of Craven "A" at packing time is protected against all variations of climate by the "Tru-Vac" hermetically sealed circular Tin and by the dry-proof, damp-proof, dust-proof "CELLOPHANE" wrapping around every Packet and flat Tin. Try Craven "A" and mark well the tone and flavour of these unfailingly FRESH cigarettes.

Twenty..1/- Fifty..2/6 Hundred..5/-



Arcadia Works (London), set the highest standard in both precept and practice of Cigarette making.

Wherever an Englishman Travels – whatever his pursuits — there you will find Craven "A".

There are also Craven Navy Cut Cigarettes:

— for smokers who want the equivalent of Craven "A" value and character but who prefer a "plain" cigarette to a cork-tipped one. Sold in green packings of the same type and at the same price as the red packings of Craven "A".

CRAVEN "A"

made specially to prevent sore throats

Sport with the Lid Off

(Continued from page 41)

An Indoor Battle

F. J. Perry, the lawn-tennis star who is also an expert ping-pong player, seen in action at the National Table Tennis Tournament at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C. His opponent was C. R. Bull, the Worcestershire cricketer

FINALLY, two brief comments, the first on the talk there has been about a resumption of relations between the Rugby Union and the French Federation. This is all moonshine. There is no likelihood whatever of international Rugby matches between France and any of the home unions for at least another season—that is definite. Secondly, a word to fly fishermen. I hear that a well-known firm of tackle-makers are putting on the market a preparation which will make flies or lines float for ever, without in any way affecting the colour of the flies. No more fiddling with oil bottles and amadou—and what a blessing this will be, can only be fully appreciated by madmen like myself, who rush away to the riverside on every possible occasion.

The British Fleet in the Mediterranean

Mrs. Bailey presenting a cup to Lord Louis Mountbatten after his team was successful in a polo match at Cannes

Shooting Notes

The Woodpigeon Problem

By "Clodhopper"

MUCH valuable work in the interest of shooting, game conservation, pathology, field study, agriculture and forestry is, both directly and indirectly, being done by Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd. Although legions of men who shoot—and probably use cartridges manufactured by "I.C.I."—may not be aware of the fact, it is largely due to the financial support and co-operation of the ammunitions branch of the great mercantile house in question that the Oxford University Museum has been enabled to pursue its research upon such essentially important problems as the grey squirrel menace, fluctuations or "cycles" in game and wild animal population, hare and rabbit diseases, and so on.

"WOODPIGEONS—How To Kill Them" is the title of a practical and instructive pamphlet recently published by Imperial Chemical Industries, and can be obtained from county secretaries of the National Farmers' Union, ammunition dealers, and country ironmongers. Though issued chiefly for the benefit of agriculturists, the leaflet is so crammed with interesting matter anent the evil habits of the most destructive and wary member of the great COLUMBÆ family, together with various methods of bringing him to bag, that—during the close season, at any rate—it should appeal to shooting men who live in such parts of the countryside as are thickly populated with pigeons. Apart from his villainies, the quist is a rattling good "sportsman." When travelling full speed ahead on a strong wind he often takes a devil of a lot of stopping; while a pigeon that swerves suddenly upon a gun being presented at it very thoroughly tests the nerve and skill of even an expert shot.

WOODPIGEONS are not included in the schedule to the Wild Birds Protection Acts, and may, therefore, be killed at any time. The mere idea of shooting these handsome, sport-affording birds in the breeding season is hateful to one, but the Farmers' Union declares them to be a menace to cultivation, and insists that they be regarded and dealt with as vermin "pure and simple." Last month I had occasion to visit various agricultural areas in the Midland and Eastern Counties, and never previously, even in bumper years, had I observed such immense hordes of pigeons. In practically every well-favoured woodland district I passed through, one or two newly sown tillages or fields of green crops were literally blue with the feathered marauders, the neighbouring coverts and spruce plantations forming their roosting places. Local landowners and farmers assured me that resident pigeons have increased in numbers to an extraordinary degree within the past few years, to play havoc among the crops and sowings. Every successive spring our native woodpigeon population is no doubt greatly augmented by alien representatives of the species from Scandinavia and other parts of Northern Europe, which, in early winter, invade this country in vast flights. As previously mentioned, a certain proportion of the latter remain with us to breed. Hence the ever-increasing numbers of resident pigeons.

ONE has often heard that, "weight for weight," the woodcock is the most voracious bird under the sun. Possibly, but anyone who has examined the crop of a woodpigeon shot immediately *before* roosting time will admit that, as a gourmand, he is bad to beat. To bear out this statement, I quote the following extract from the I.C.I. leaflet: "The crop of a pigeon recently examined contained 1,296 corn seeds, chiefly black oats; another actually contained 1, 435 buckwheat seeds; another 38 hazel nuts."

UNDER normal conditions every healthy and self-respecting woodman makes two huge meals a day. When the ever-hungry squabs are hatched, however, four meals are required. These figures speak eloquently enough of the irreparable damage a colony of countless numbers of pigeons is capable of doing to seeds, green or ripe crops. Nor, in my opinion, is a big flock of pigeons a desirable acquisition to a covert. Not only do the birds befoul the undergrowth, but I am convinced they often cause roosting pheasants to jerk on the ground and become an easy prey to foxes and other prowling enemies. In any case, woodpigeons have become such a pest on the land that, if only from an economic point of view, constant war should be waged against them from January to December.

THERE are few birds of keener sight or greater cunning than an old and experienced quist. Attempt to stalk him in the heaviest covert even, and you will meet with just about as much success as you would in trying to crawl up to a herd of grey geese feeding on an open marsh. Organised pigeon shoots are, in my experience at any rate, by no means effective towards substantially reducing numbers, though they may drive the birds from one cultivated district to another. Good bags are sometimes made from natural "hides" (*i.e.*, trees, clumps of bushes, hedgerows, etc.) as the birds go out to feed at daybreak, or come in to roost at dusk, as the case may be. But decoying from a hide is by far the most killing method, and many hints on shooting over decoys are included in the I.C.I. pamphlet.

I may mention that an entirely novel pigeon decoy, named after Mr. Max Baker, the well-known writer and expert on all matters appertaining to shooting, is being made. It is light, strong, inexpensive, convenient to handle, efficient, properly shaped, and coloured, and does not shine even when wet. Half a dozen of the new decoys can be carried in the space occupied by one of the ordinary cumbersome dummies. This alone is a very great advantage to sportsmen.

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR

APRIL, 1932

1st to 15th Inclusive.

1st **Fishing.** Thames trout fishing begins.

2nd **Football** R. Navy and R. Marines v. The Army (London).
Hockey. Wales v. Scotland (Cardiff).
Racing. Alexandra Park and Naas Meetings. Stratford-on-Avon and Tedworth Hunt Steeplechases.
Motoring. Southport M.C Race Meeting.

4th **Racing.** Warwick Meeting.
Tennis. Open Tournament, Hard Courts (Queen's Club).

5th **Shows.** Royal Hort. Soc. (R.H.S. Hall), Alpine Garden Society (R.H.S. Old Hall).
Racing. Warwick Meeting. Household Brigade (Hawthorn Hill) Stplchs.

6th **Fencing.** Sabre Champ. begins.
Racing. Lingfield Park Meeting. Household Brigade (Hawthorne Hill), Rothbury, Monmouth, Tarporley and Meath Hunt Steeplechases.

7th **Show.** United Hunts. Agric. Soc. Horse Show.
Racing. Lingfield Park and Powerstown Park (Clonmel) Meetings. Monmouth, Badsworth Hunt, Bungay and Taunton Steeplechases.
Golf. Professional Meeting, Roehampton.

8th **Racing.** Newbury Meeting. Ayr Meeting. Aldershot Military and Bangor Steeplechases.

9th **Rugby.** Rugby League Cup Final.
Football. England v. Scotland, Wembley.
Racing. Newbury, Ayr and Leopardstown Meetings. Aldershot Military Steeplechases.
Motoring. Italian 1,000 miles race (Italy).

11th **Racing.** Chelmsford and Uttoxeter Steeplechases.

12th **Racing.** Newmarket Craven and Thurles Meetings. Uttoxeter Steeplechases.

13th **Rackets.** Public Schools Championship begins (Queen's Club).
Racing. Cheltenham and Sedgefield Steeplechases. Irish 1,000 Guineas Curragh Meeting.

14th **Shows.** Kensington Canine Soc. Champ Show (Crystal Palace).
Racing. Newmarket Craven Meeting. Cheltenham Steeplechases Curragh Meeting.

15th **Fencing.** Sabre Championship final pool.
Racing. Derby and Bogside (Irvine) Meetings.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Main Road Motoring : By E. M. Wright

I DO not enjoy the beginning of the motoring "season." Empty roads are the special joy of winter touring, and it takes a few weeks to adjust yourself to crowds again. Easter itself is always rather trying, especially when it is early. Not only do you suddenly find once-empty roads overflowing with traffic, but there is always a big percentage of novice drivers, and drivers who have grown a little out of practice during the winter. It is selfish, I admit, to resent crowds, but there is no denying that we all do. We all unconsciously regard the other fellow as an interloper. I would not if I could wish myself back in the days when cars were few and far between, but I should dislike crowds far less if those other fellows learned to appreciate the limitations which heavy traffic demands. What is fair and legitimate on a comparatively empty road may be sheer road-hogging on a busy by-pass.

In "Vauxhall" in the Morning

Jessie Matthews and Gene Gerrard, the stage and screen stars, in a Vauxhall "Cadet" two-seater. They have been making a B.I.P. film, "Out of the Blue," directed by Gene Gerrard and supervised by John Orton

ROAD racing is officially banned, but in point of fact, every main road from now onwards until the end of September becomes an unofficial race-track. Nine motorists out of ten make it a point of honour to pass as many cars as they can. It is this craze for overtaking which so often makes driving on crowded roads a hideous nightmare. I am no twenty-mile-an-hour plodder, but I have long since learned that the only comfortable way to drive on crowded roads both as regards yourself and other people is to keep your place in the queue. If every mile of road from London, say, to Brighton, is a jam of cars, there is little at all to be gained by perpetually trying to push ahead. So long as the stream of traffic is moving at a reasonable touring speed, stay where you are—unless, of course, you find yourself just behind a vehicle—a van or a lorry, for example—which is definitely holding you up or emitting clouds of smoke or noisome exhaust fumes.

UNLESS you go the right way about it, driving in traffic can become a nerve-racking ordeal. A very short run will leave you exhausted by the strain. But if you are content merely to keep your place in the queue, you have little to worry about. You cannot, of course, ignore the traffic ; but it is not necessary to keep your eyes glued to the road. You have leisure to enjoy the human side of motoring, and are not merely an automaton at the wheel. If you try to drive faster than the average, the scenery and your passengers might not exist, for all the attention you can spare them.

IT is dangerous to let your eyes wander for an instant from the road in front of you. You must for ever remain keyed to concert pitch, and by the end of the day your "pleasant afternoon's drive" will leave you tired and irritable. Such driving will give you as little pleasure as a visit to the dentist.

It is equally irritating to drive slower than the rest of the traffic. To be passed by an everlasting stream of cars will destroy your pleasure just as effectively as attempts to force the pace by constant overtaking. And, quite apart from this, dodderers are a thorough nuisance to everybody else. If you do want to dawdle, get off the main road, or at least see to it that you hug the left-hand kerb, and *never*, after dawdling for miles, suddenly accelerate when another car is in the act of passing you. That is indeed one of the most dangerous practices in which you can indulge.

CONSTANTLY you will hear the advice—avoid main roads. But if the object of your run is to reach some definite destination, and if you have no interest in dallying by the wayside, take the main road always. It is obviously the most direct, obviously the easiest to follow, and obviously, too, the best on which to drive. Even though the traffic be heavy, you will still, in most cases, make the fastest time by following the main road. "Short cuts" along more or less unknown by-roads may well take you twice as long. Main roads are for the busy motorist, by-roads for the idler. If your aim is to enjoy the countryside—to dawdle where the view is good, spurt where the road is temptingly straight, in short, to motor just as the spirit moves you—then avoid main roads like the plague. On the main road there are rules—unwritten rules—which you must obey, only on the by-roads can you indulge your fancy. The pity is that so many who should be on the by-roads so completely lack any spark of adventure that, day after day, week after week, they follow the main traffic streams where they are a nuisance to others and a sorrow to themselves.

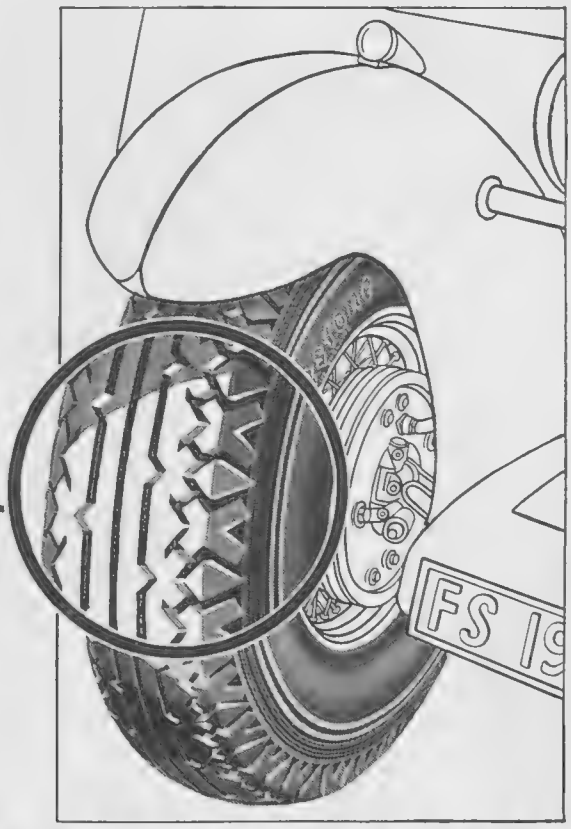
Sir John Anderson, the new Governor of Bengal, seen with the cars he took with him when he sailed for India last month. They are a Humber Pullman Limousine, a Humber "Snipe" Tourer, and a Rolls-Royce fitted, with a Thrupp and Maberly body

The New A.J.S.

Following the purchase by the Willys Company of the manufacturing rights of the A.J.S., two new improved four-door saloon models have just been announced. These are both luxury Nines, each of which will sell for £229. An important new feature is the introduction of a silent third gear. The doors are conveniently wide, and foot-wells in the rear compartment give ample leg-room. A sliding roof is available on both models, and a wide choice of colour schemes is offered.

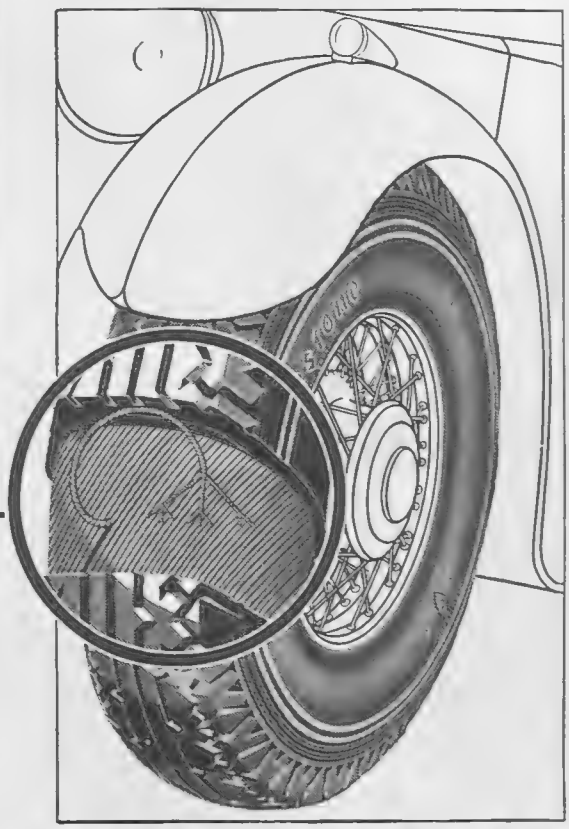
Front-and-side grip for GREATER SAFETY

Forward *or* sideways—whichever direction your wheels try to slide into a skid—just there is where the many-angled Firestone tread comes into play. Its tough rubber fingers merge into the sidewall. They won't yield ground. They exert contra pressure. They grip and hold. With Firestone you're in control. You're safe.



Gum-dipping for EXTRA MILEAGE

To the tough and resilient Firestone tread, the cool and lively Firestone carcass gives still longer life. Where chafing and friction are most to be feared, there gum-dipping, the *extra* Firestone process, puts a shield of rubber — not only around each cord but around every single thread, every tiny fibre. No destructive heat there. Road strains are taken up and dissipated with ease. No wonder every Firestone tyre lasts so much longer.



The Mark of Quality

FIRESTONE TYRES GIVE YOU BOTH

Firestone

MADE IN ENGLAND

on the Great West Road near London

service advt. (3)

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 44)

they show how a weak nature can become strong by working out its own sentence for a crime actually committed in the hot-headedness and ignorance of youth.

Most of the members of the secret society which plotted the Minister's death reach positions of power in the country. One of them, discovering Burthe, after he has spent five years in a little village amongst the sand dunes, offers to find him a place in his old world. Burthe refuses. He remains a labourer and fisherman. But the end is tragedy. He gives his life to save two companions who are in danger of being drowned. A beautiful and sad story, giving us yet another side of this author's profound knowledge of human nature.

THERE was a time when Cheiro's waiting-room in Bond Street was thronged daily with the most beautiful women and the most interesting men in Society. His reading of hands was uncanny in its correctness, both as concerned the past and the future. His astonishing life is set out in *Confessions: Memoirs of a Modern Seer* (Jarrolds; 10*s.* 6*d.*), by "Cheiro" (Count Louis Hamon). He read the hands of most of the crowned heads of Europe, including King Edward and Queen Alexandra—he foretold the date of King Edward's death—and with these, the hands of some of the most distinguished people in many walks of life. He predicted W. T. Stead's death by drowning; Parnell's and Oscar Wilde's downfalls. Sir Ernest Shackleton went to him disguised as a tenor with a false wig, beard, and moustache. From his hands Cheiro saw that he was an explorer; described his past enterprises, and prophesied that he would lose his life, in or about his forty-eighth year, on the expedition he was then undertaking. Shackleton died in his effort to discover the South Pole within a month of his forty-eighth year.

But perhaps the most amazing prediction was in 1894, when Cheiro saw Lord Kitchener at the War Office. He told the then Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, who was then forty-four, that his fatal year would be his sixty-sixth, "about June, and the death would be by water, probably caused by storm (Air), or disaster at sea (Water), with the attendant chance of some form of capture by an enemy and an exile from which he would never recover."

"Thanks," said Lord Kitchener, "I prefer the first proposition."

It is well known that before he left London to embark on the "Hampshire" for Russia, Lord Kitchener spoke to more than one intimate friend of his strong feeling against the journey. Is it possible that he remembered Cheiro's prophecy of death by water in his sixty-sixth year?

An impression by Mina Buchanan of Mary Russell as Maria and Ralph Richardson as Sir Toby Belch in "Twelfth Night," which, after a run at the Old Vic, opens at Sadler's Wells on April 12

THIS is a book of astonishing stories, some of which would provide plots for the most thrilling "thrillers," notably the story of Mata Hari, the Dutch dancer, who was shot as a spy in Paris. During the War, disguised as a decrepit Irish peasant woman in Dublin, she deceived Cheiro so completely that he took her in his car to catch a train to the South of Ireland which otherwise she would have missed. From Kinsale she was taken in a German submarine to Spain, whence she made her way back to France, ultimately to face a firing party in October, 1917—the date of her death prophesied by Cheiro before the War. "JUNIUS."

"BYSTANDER" GOLF TROPHY

(continued from page 19)

OR if the good ladies, particularly of the youngest generation, were one's object, there was Miss Diana Fishwick as aforesaid; Miss Diana Plumpton, of Essex; Miss Dorrit Wilkins, twice runner-up in the Girls' Championship; Mrs. Gold, who had won the Roehampton Gold Cup a week before; Miss Raworth, from St. George's Hill; Miss Betty Taylor, of Hadley Wood. Yes, that was a good idea. Did anybody know what she and W. B. Smith, the Smith who won this trophy nine years ago, were doing? Search revealed that they were out in 38, that at the tenth a lovely pitch by the lady and one putt from the pro. gave them a birdie 4. All very pretty and promising. They did not quite keep up that pace, but 81-2=79 was a good enough total.

And then, with nobody taking much notice of them, Mrs. Snelgrove and Padgham, who won THE NEWS OF THE WORLD last year, were slipping round in 78, 37 out, 41 home, on behalf of Royal Ashdown Forest. That is the worst of a medal round; even an official onlooker cannot look in every direction every minute.

AND even onlookers must eat. On emerging from that occupation it was obvious that a change had come over the scene. The still, veiled sunshine was gone; so was the threat of fog. In their place was a lurid sky, inky above, saffron below, and from the blackness came first hail and then rain. By three o'clock it was almost pitch dark. In the distance the electric light inside the clubhouse shone out, bright and inviting. An owl screeched ominously as Perry played this second to the fifteenth. And all the time the rain went on raining, until casual water accumulated, and high pitching shots stuck where they pitched, and golf was very truly difficult, and some turned tail and went back to the bright lights of the clubhouse, which others had never left.

J. H. Taylor and Herd, for example, who have done many wise things in their life, never did wiser than when they decided it was not good enough. So thought Miss Diana Fishwick, and Miss Diana Plumpton, and a goodly number of others. Some struggled on, and went from bad to worse. Some went from medium to better. Of such last were Purley Downs pair, Miss Lloyd and Johns, who with 81-1=80 set a hot pace, and held it, for the best afternoon return. Playing behind them came Croham Hurst. A caddy, kindly and confidential, gave it as his opinion that they "weren't too grand," as a doctor might report of a patient, but at that moment Wilson put his tee shot near enough to the ninth for a 2 to result, which meant they were out in 39. Home in 45 was only middling good, but 82 added to 79 was a great performance, and great it remained the rest of the day, a comfortable winner at 161 net from all comers.

ROEHAMPTON performed that uncomfortable evolution commonly known as blowing up; Hadley Wood faded away and walked in; Royal Ashdown Forest and Verulam were the chief points of interest. Verulam repeated their morning 82 net, 164 net aggregate; Royal Ashdown Forest with various misfortunes and an 86 equalled that total, and with it won the special scratch prize. And so, with a fiery sun sinking behind the pine trees, the beautiful Lady (Hamilton) Grant gave away the prizes, the Editor apologised for the weather, and then the magnificent trophy took a short journey to Croham Hurst.

"Bystander" Golfers at Addington Palace

Miss J. Hamilton, of Tandridge, in action. She and her partner, A. R. Baker, returned a net score of 173 for the two rounds

Mrs. N. Stone playing in the "Bystander" £500 Competition. She and T. Trapp, representing Shirley Park, returned a card of 175

Folks Who Always Feel Tired

Should be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication

A persistent tired feeling, accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines, becoming sluggish, allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in, which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par, should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time! Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

PLEASURE CRUISES by P&O ELECTRIC SHIPS

May 6—Constantinople, Athens, &c. 21 days. From 35 guineas.
May 14—Venice, Dalmatia, &c. 21 days. From 35 guineas.
May 28 Ceuta, Monaco, Vigo. 14 days. From 25 guineas.
July 30—Northern Capitals. 20 days. From 34 guineas.
Aug. 13—Alexandria, Naples, &c. 20 days. From 34 guineas.
Aug. 20—Morocco, Madeira, &c. 13 days. From 24 guineas.
Aug. 20—Venice, Dalmatia, &c. 20 days. From 34 guineas.
Sept. 3—Monaco, Naples, &c. 14 days. From 25 guineas.
Sept. 10—Monaco, Algiers, &c. 14 days. From 25 guineas.

Silent, swift and still in their passage through the seas, the beautiful White Sisters "Strathnaver" and "Strathaird," "22,500 tons of power and beauty," fresh from their maiden voyages, will join the "Viceroy of India," already beloved of sea travellers, in the P & O Summer Cruising Service of 1932.

COME CRUISING—BOOK EARLY—NOMINAL DEPOSIT

FOR DESCRIPTIVE PICTURE HANDBOOK APPLY:

P&O CRUISES
14, COCKSPUR STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

L.A.

WHY IS ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL SO POPULAR?

The answer is, it most nearly resembles the natural oil of the scalp. This celebrated oil has been prepared for 139 years, and is to-day even more popular than at any period of its history. ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL will keep YOUR hair in perfect condition and impart to it a lovely glossiness.

Of Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 3/6, 7/- & 10/6

Red for dark hair, Golden for fair or grey hair.

Rowland's Macassar Oil

Made in England

A. ROWLAND & SONS LTD.,
22 Laystall St., Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1

J. H. & CO.

Cuticura Shaving Cream

SHAVE Quickly and comfortably every morning. The creamy lather of **Cuticura Shaving Cream** softens the beard, soothes the skin and leaves it cool and supple.

SHAMPOO Quickly and easily. Wet hair thoroughly before putting on a small quantity of **Cuticura Shaving Cream.** Then shampoo as usual. Ideal for all the family.

Price 1s. 6d. a tube.
Sold at chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd. 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

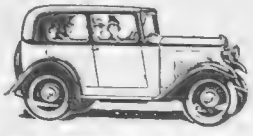
Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

UNIQUE! PROVED!!

Not only does this unique Triumph Super Seven 4-door Pillarless Saloon give the ease of entry of a large car but the interior is also surprisingly roomy—price £157 10s. Other models from £140. Write for details.

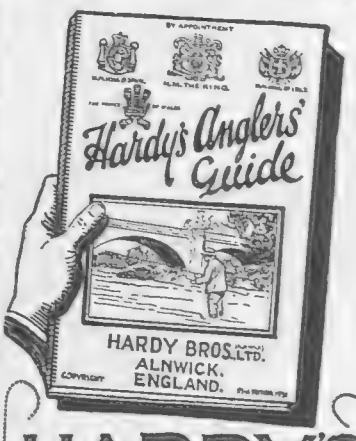


TRIUMPH

Lucas electrical equipment and Dunlop tyres standard.

Triumph Motor Company, Limited, Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland Street, W.1.

By Appointment



HARDY'S ANGLERS' CATALOGUE

The most informative work on fishing Gear and Angling methods published. A full description of Hardy's famous "PALAKONA" Rods and many plates of Flies and Lures in natural colours.

400 PAGES—FREE.

HARDY BROS. LTD.
(INDEX L),
ALNWICK, ENGLAND.
Please address as above

61, Pall Mall, London. 12, Moult St., Manchester. 101, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

USE PALAKONA RODS

Prevention is Better than Cure

By Lady Kitty Ritson

I AM constantly getting letters from correspondents asking me how they can "prevent" distemper, worms, etc. Well, if I could tell them how to prevent distemper I shouldn't be earning my living, I should be the "Distemper Queen" and I should live in a palace for one half the year, and go exploring for the other half.

You can't prevent a dog getting distemper if the germs are hanging about and if his constitution is not in a fit state to withstand them. I am not a vet., and I cannot, therefore, say if any dog, in whatever state of good health, would be immune against distemper if he came in direct contact with it. It is, however, not absolutely necessary for a dog to have distemper, and I believe that many ordinary pet dogs never get it; but if you take your dog to shows, it is most unlikely that he will be lucky enough to avoid it. But the ordinary pet dog, who lives at home and takes his walks abroad, may never meet another dog who is suffering from it.

AT a show many of the dogs are not happy, and they may even be definitely unhappy, in which case their constitutions are not at their best, and they are more likely to contract whatever trouble is hanging about. While there is no cure that I know of, and no preventive against it, which is infallible, I do most heartily recommend a certain medicine, which has to my own knowledge worked marvellous cures and saved many dogs' lives. If you want to know its name, I will forward it on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

Five Pups of High Degree

St. Bernard pedigree puppies, owned by Miss Watts, of Clairvaux kennels, in serious contemplation

IN my fairly wide experience a dog that is kept hard and on the lean side is more likely to pull through than the fat dog. Time and again I have seen lovely fat puppies succumb while the "weeds" have pulled through. One of the most important things is to diagnose the disease in its earliest stages. If you let the dog run about with distemper on him, it may turn inwards and then you will certainly lose him. So at the first sign of a running nose, diarrhœa, or dullness, take the temperature, and if it is even one degree above normal, shut the dog up and treat him as an invalid until you have called in your vet. This is about the only preventive against distemper that I can suggest.

AN excellent preventive against worms is a regular amount of powdered charcoal given every day. This prevents the formation of mucous internally and keeps the intestines sweet and fresh. It is best to make a paste of the charcoal with some butter, as you cannot pour it down the dog's throat without the risk of choking it. The best preventive against any disease is to keep the dog properly fed and properly exercised.

GERARD FAIRIE ON GOLF (cont. from p. 10)

playing captain), and is prepared to argue by the hour and gin and french as to its merits. And it is to these people that I wish to speak.

HAVE you ever thought, selector, that mere brilliance at the game of golf does not qualify necessarily for a National team? How would you select, for instance, between A, who wins every time against B, in a friendly game, but has lost to him every time they have met, perhaps only thrice, in the deadly earnestness of a championship? What view would you take of C, a player who loses as often as he wins against his fellow-tigers, but who will always hole a putt at the critical moment if there is really something to be gained by doing it?

It is easy enough to choose a Walker Cup side in one fell swoop who, for sheer brilliance *on their day* should play for us against America. Tolley, Wethered, Torrance, the two Hartleys, Bookless, Hezlet, McRuvie, Hope, Stout, and some others. Yet I should not think seriously of some of those great names for my completed team for the forthcoming match. And it is not because they are not at least the equals in brilliance of any you may care to mention.

Finishes with a Difference

Bernard Darwin driving from the sixth at Deal. Note the position of the feet, which do not conform to classic models

C. L. Q. Henriques driving from the first at Deal. Here the stance is on more accepted lines, and certainly more graceful

I HAD a long talk the other day with a captain of men at many games. He is a golfer of distinction, and, as I understood him, he told me that his idea of selection was to gather together those who were likely to play the difficult shot well *when they were down*, and those who were likely to hole the putt when it was needed. He offered me all the brilliants that I wanted, for, by brilliance he meant the characteristics of a player who may hold the record of many courses, who may have many great feats to his credit, but who is not likely to produce form even half as good all of the while.

I thanked him, but refused his offer, because I entirely agree with his principle. To choose a brilliant player who may let you down is not, to my mind, worth the risk. I would much sooner have on my side a man who always achieves fairly good figures with occasionally an excellent score, than a man who either wins or destroys his card. Specially if I knew for certain that a four-footer would be holed on the green if it was wanted.

Now go to it, and make your lists. I shall give you the result of my deliberations in a week or two. But, even if we do not get a single one right, let us spare the poor pianist. G. F.

THE FAMOUS SCOTCH WHISKY THAT COMPASSES THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE EARTH UNITING MANKIND IN THE SPIRIT OF CHEER AND HOSPITALITY

1354B

HOW TO DRESS WELL ON 10/- OR £1 PER MONTH.

Open a Credit Account with Smartwear. No Deposit. No References required. We are the only Firm who have no hesitation in extending Credit to new customers, even to those who are not Householders. Visit our Extensive Showrooms or write to Dept. A. 16, for Spring Catalogue of Ladies' Fashions, sent gratis and post free. Smartwear Ltd., 263-271, Regent Street, Oxford Circus, London, W. 1. *Mayfair 6241-6.*

A FILM CAREER

ADULTS and CHILDREN can be trained for a lucrative and pleasant career. Facilities are available for tuition in microphone and camera technique, etc., at a modern fully equipped film studio. Free tests are given to ensure suitability. Write or phone for appointment.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF TALKIE TECHNIQUE
(Licensed by L.C.C.)
Commerce House, 72/86, Oxford Street, W.1.
Museum 5974

WHEN REPLYING
to advertisements please mention
THE BYSTANDER
to ensure prompt attention.

STAMP COLLECTORS
I make a speciality of Rare British Colonial Stamps.
Selections sent on approval.
T. ALLEN
5, Blake Hall Rd., Wanstead, London, E.11

ASTROLOGY
Your Horoscope cast by astrologer of 30 years world-repute, Life's Prospects, Possibilities, described. Health, Marriage, Finance, Business Guidance, Events, Changes, etc. Send P.O. 1/-, Birthdate, stamped-addressed envelope for expert delineation, the accuracy of which will amaze you.
ELROY STUDIOS (B.15.) 37, ALBEMARLE ST. LONDON, W.1.
Innumerable unsolicited testimonials received.

YES, WE HAVE..

"I want to secure, if it is now possible, a set of Bairnsfather's famous War-time Cartoons in COLOUR. I believe these were published in THE BYSTANDER, and I shall be glad if you will let me know if you have any sets suitable for framing."

BAIRNSFATHER'S
Fragments from France
CARTOONS IN COLOUR

The receipt of the above letter resulted in our discovering a very *limited number* of sets of these world-famous cartoons, which to-day have lost none of their clever, though grim, humour. Now is your opportunity to secure one of these sets for your "den," and for your boys to see the kind of humour that helped us through the War. These pictures are ideal for presentation for decorative purposes in Ex-Service Men's Clubs.

The Series of Twelve in Portfolio mounted on white art plate sunk mounts.

12/6 *post free.*

From: THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

FOREST PARK HOTEL

Brockenhurst, Hants.

In the heart of the New Forest, this comfortable hotel offers you a real country house atmosphere amid beautiful surroundings. Standing in 4 acres of ground, it possesses unrivalled facilities for tennis, hunting and motoring under ideal conditions. Within easy reach of London by road and close to Hampshire's finest golf course. Perfect cuisine and appointments. Self-contained suites. Fully licensed. Two garages.

Write for Illustrated Brochure and tariff to Manageress.
Telegrams: "Foxhound," Brockenhurst.

The Gourmet Conducted by Emilia

LUNCHEON

Œufs à la Céleste

Poulet à l'Américaine.

Carottes à la Maître d'Hôtel.

Bananes à la Princesse.

Café.

Œufs à la Céleste

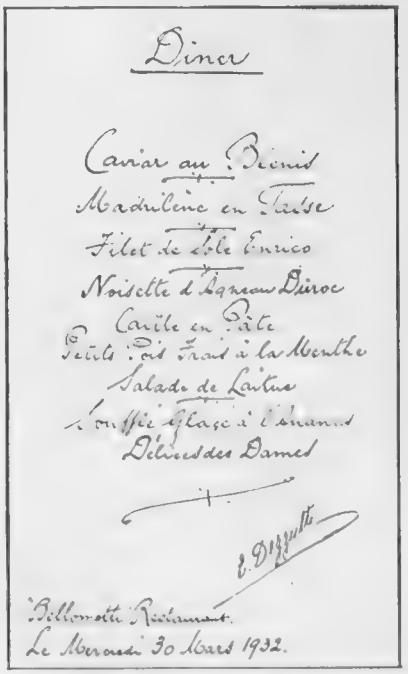
Scald ten oysters in their own liquid, then take them out and cut up small. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, and stir in gradually two tablespoonfuls of flour. Next stir in a cup and a half of milk and the oyster liquor, and season with salt, pepper, half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, and one tablespoonful of grated cheese. Let it boil until it begins to thicken. Poach six eggs and lay on rounds of toast in a shallow baking-dish. Pour the sauce over them, sprinkling a little grated cheese on the top, and put the dish in a hot oven for a few minutes.

Poulet à l'Américaine

Split a chicken down the back and cut into joints. Place in a large pan two tablespoonfuls of lard, and when hot, put in the chicken, and fry brown on both sides. Cover the pan, pouring out most of the gravy, put back in the oven and cook slowly for thirty minutes. Add one tablespoonful of flour to the gravy, mix smoothly and add half a pint of milk, a pinch of pepper and salt, and stir until creamy. Arrange the chicken on a hot dish and surround it with mushrooms previously fried in butter, and some small rolls of bacon. Pour the gravy round, and serve.

Carottes à la Maître d'Hôtel

Boil a bunch of washed and scraped young spring carrots in slightly salted water till tender, and drain them in a colander. Heat up 2 ozs. of butter in a pan, put in the carrots, toss them over the fire for a few minutes, sprinkle over a dessertspoonful of flour, and moisten with a gill of white stock. Stir till it boils, then add two or three tablespoonfuls of cream and also one small tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley. Season to taste with salt, pepper, and half a teaspoonful of castor sugar. Allow to cook very gently for another ten minutes, then dish up and serve very hot.



An Attractive Menu

A dinner served recently at the Bellometti Restaurant, in Soho Square

Bananes à la Princesse

Stew some bananas in syrup. Carefully cut some slices of bread the length and breadth of the bananas, fry in butter, and drain, making quite sure that all the liquid is strained off. When these have been fried until they have become crisp, spread them with jam, and lay a stewed banana on each strip of bread which has been fried. Then arrange them in a compôte dish, and cover with whipped cream before serving.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Word in "Season"

More and more people nowadays are realising that there are other places than London in which to spend the entire Season. The early summer in the Metropolis can be pleasant enough admittedly, but it is in the country that the full beauty and joy of it is to be found. Of course, very few people would willingly sacrifice the comforts and luxuries of a town house or flat for a draughty cottage with smoky oil lamps, a bath which has to be filled with water heated in kettles on an antique and inadequate kitchen range, and the alarming prospect of a two-miles' walk to the nearest shops. But when the translation from town to country means increased domestic comfort minus the worries of housekeeping, it becomes a very different proposition—which is why more and more people are visiting the Palace Hotel at Torquay during May, June, and July. And no wonder, for here in one of the sunniest spots in sunny Devon, where every prospect pleases, are to be found recreation and rest unknown to Town. If a warm sunny nook and a book is your ideal, the choice of an ideal lazing place is difficult only in the variety of the places available. If exercise indoors or out-of-doors is the order of the day, golf, lawn tennis, swimming, croquet, bowls, squash rackets, and badminton are all available, whilst a cinema and dances every night carry on the cheery tale after sundown. Every taste and every mood is anticipated and fully provided for at the Palace Hotel.

"Old Soldiers Never Die"

It seems almost incredible that well over ten years have passed since The Bystander published the first drawing submitted to us by a soldier-artist serving at the Front with the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, and yet so quickly does year follow year that it is not so far off twenty years ago that Captain Bruce Bairnsfather first tapped that inexhaustible fount of humour which sprang from the sea of horrors which was the Front. Old Bill, he of the Walrus moustache, Alf and Bert soon became as famous in their own way as the greatest general in the field, and when the Armistice wrote Finis to the martial adventures and misadventures of those famous Three Musketeers they did not fade from the memory of the public. Indeed, scarcely a week passes without its crop of queries for Bairnsfather's Fragments from France, and it is, therefore, with a sense of real service—we almost said real active service!—that we inform our readers that it is now possible to obtain a series of twelve coloured Fragments. These, mounted on white art plate-sunk mounts, are obtainable from The Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, at the price of 12/6 post free.

Seeing London from the Roof Garden

The Countess of Denbigh, whose London home is at Berkeley Court, seen on the delightful roof-garden of the flats, which commands a wonderful view of London and of the country beyond. With her is Mrs. Martin Harvey, the wife of Mr. Martin Harvey, the well-known property owner who developed Berkeley Court

An Attractive Cruise

The next cruise to be undertaken by the luxurious liner, the *Arandora Star*, of the Blue Star Line, will start on April 22 and last twenty-five days. The places of interest to be visited include Tangier, Palma, Palermo, Kurcola, Venice, Split, Dubrovnik, Corfu, Sousse, Philippeville, and Malaga, and the fares range from forty-five guineas up. The *Arandora Star* is a beautifully equipped vessel, and includes a fine ball-room, a verandah café, Louis XIV. restaurant, new open-air tiled swimming bath with Sun Lido, extensive sports decks and silent sun decks away from games. Novelty, variety, and healthfulness in abundance are to be found on a sea cruise, and when such a cruise is undertaken on board the *Arandora Star* the pleasures and charm of this form of holiday are very greatly enhanced, for every modern comfort and convenience is to be found in this vessel. Full details of this and subsequent cruises arranged for the *Arandora Star* may be obtained from the Blue Star Line, 3, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1., or from the Company's Liverpool office at 13, Water Street, and from the chief agents.

D·H·EVANS ARE NOW SHOWING THE NEW SPRING MODELS IN TWILFIT

Write for D. H. Evans' 24-page Twilfit Catalogue post free.

MODEL 1870. BY. A very deep-fitting Twilfit Girdle, hooking at the side and lacing at the back. In good quality pink broché, with strong insets of prov. patented elastic each side. Sizes: 24-36 ins. *Post free* **21/6**

MODEL 01664. BY. Twilfit Corselet made of strong pink broché with swathelene top. The underbelt is made of coutil, firmly boned and has an elastic top. Exceptionally good value. Bust sizes: 32-42 ins. *Post free* **18/11**

D·H·Evans

London's

Headquarters for

Twilfit

MADE IN ENGLAND • FULLY GUARANTEED •

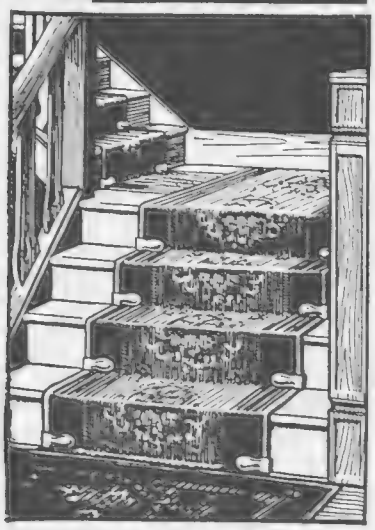
D. H. EVANS & Co., Ltd., OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1. *'Phone: Mayfair 8800*

PETER ROBINSON

400—Two-piece Suit in two different weights of Hopsack material. The smart military jacket has a scarf of striped Crêpe de Chine to tone. In a few good Spring colours and in sizes to fit small and medium figures. **9 gns.**

PETER ROBINSON, LTD., OXFORD ST. & REGENT ST., W.1

The MODERN WOMAN considers stair-rods out-of-date



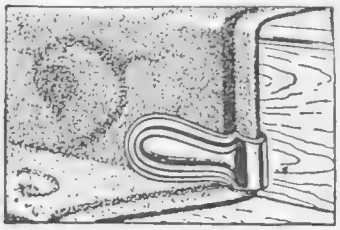
THE SIMPLE ELEGANCE OF A CLIPPERED STAIR CARPET IS MORE TO HER TASTE

Stair-rods are going the way of antimacassars. They cause endless work, and spoil a beautiful carpet by cutting up the pattern at every step.

The modern woman realises the artistic possibilities of Stair Carpet Clippers—and their labour-saving also. Fitted away from the feet, they never get scratched, so cleaning (as with rods) is avoided.

"Clippers" hold carpet in place without sagging, because they move sideways to release carpet instead of upwards, as do other makes.

"Clippers" allow carpet to be lifted and relaid in a quarter the time taken with Stair Rods; they slide back into position after taking up carpet, and they remain on stairs until it is relaid. Styles and prices to suit cottage or mansion.



10½D PER PAIR

"CLIPPERS" fit close to edge of carpet and allow easy dusting of the sides of stairs, as they neither collect dust nor obstruct the duster.

Styles and Prices to suit all pockets

At all GOOD House Furnishers and Ironmongers in brass or copper-bronze finish. In case of difficulty write for name of nearest stockist.

SMITH AND DAVIS, LIMITED. STAMPED BRASS FOUNDERS. HAMPTON STREET BIRMINGHAM

CLIPPER STAIR CARPET HOLDERS

PATENT 305713/27

THE BYSTANDER

346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 8020.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months, including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months, including Double Nos.	Three months, no extras.
At Home ..	£3 3s. 0d.	£1 11s. 6d.	15s. 9d.
Canada ..	£3 1s. 0d.	£1 10s. 6d.	15s. 3d.
Elsewhere Abroad ..	£3 7s. 6d.	£1 13s. 9d.	17s. 0d.

In all cases including postage.

ORDER FORM

To the Publisher of
The Bystander,
346, Strand,
London, W.C.2.

Please send me The Bystander *weekly for.....months commencing with the issue of .....*

for which I enclose.....

Name .....

Address.....

Date.....1932.

FROM £186 CARRIAGE PAID – a BROWNE & LILLY built BUNGALOW

YOUR Bungalow will be good to look at and cosy to live in; solid, weather-proof and long-lasting if it is built by Browne & Lilly. Our long experience is your guarantee of satisfaction. Erected complete with fittings by us anywhere, or delivered carriage paid ready for erection by local workmen

Write for the 156 page Book B.Y 114 showing designs and prices to suit all tastes.

BROWNE & LILLY LTD. THAMES SIDE, READING

TRANSFORMATIONS
TOUPETS etc., at MODERATE PRICES

Every description of Ornamental Hairwork Undertaken and Carefully and promptly Executed. Special Shades Extra.

Switches of Pure Human Hair

16 in. .. 5/9 | 22 in. .. 15/9
18 in. .. 8/9 | 24 in. .. 22/9
20 in. .. 11/9 | 26 in. .. 26/9
28 in. .. 37/9

For Goods on Approval See our Illustrated Catalogue Post Free from

The Manageress:
UNIVERSAL HAIR CO. (Est. 1895),
80-84, FOXBERRY ROAD, BROCKLEY, S.E.4.

West End Branch: 1, BERNER ST., OXFORD ST., W.1.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d. 1- 2- & 4-
J. Goddard & Son, Station St., Leicester.

WHEN REPLYING
to advertisements please mention
THE BYSTANDER
to ensure prompt attention.

GOOD NEWS IN BAD TIMES

Again

THE STANDARD LIFE
has declared the Annual Compound Bonus of
42/- %
"This is a fine achievement."—*The Economist.*
FOR MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE
Write for copy of leaflet "Y.13" to

The STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1825
LONDON 46 QUEEN VICTORIA ST. E.C.4 15a PALL MALL S.W.1
INDIA CALCUTTA 32 DALHOUSIE SQUARE BOMBAY — HORNBY ROAD
HEAD OFFICE - 3 GEORGE STREET EDINBURGH

HARVEY NICHOLS

(Left)
"VERY attractive Stockings of Pure Silk Net—British-made, and beautifully finished. In French nude, suntan, creole, linnet, sunbronze, oak, new beaver, mushroom, sable, French beige and gunmetal.
Pair 8/11

(Right)
"DULLTONE" Pure Silk Stockings with dainty lace clox. British-made, and suitable for day or evening wear. In French nude, brunette, antelope, creole, gazelle, leaf-mould, afghan, beige, wood rose, acorn and gunmetal.
Pair 8/11

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

That lurking fear of other people's glances; that horror of looking different from others. Is disfiguring hair spoiling your pleasures and making life a burden?

The Electro-Dermic method of painless hair removal is not only safe and sure, but permanent. We should welcome the investigations of your medical adviser, who would be interested in our process.

Write to the Secretary for full particulars and an appointment.

Electro Dermic Institute Ltd
1, Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1.
Telephone: Regent 6832
Clinic:
85a, Golders Gr. Rd., N.W.11.

You may have seen illustrations of the new fashions, but,

Have you seen the new colours?

Our coloured fashions supplement which comes out next week

will show you:—

the new colours

the new materials

the latest sports clothes

correct *ensembles* for morning and afternoon wear

the newest hats.

Will comment on:—

the diversity of the evening silhouette

the vagaries of the waistline

the latest word about sleeves

the cause of capes *versus* coats.

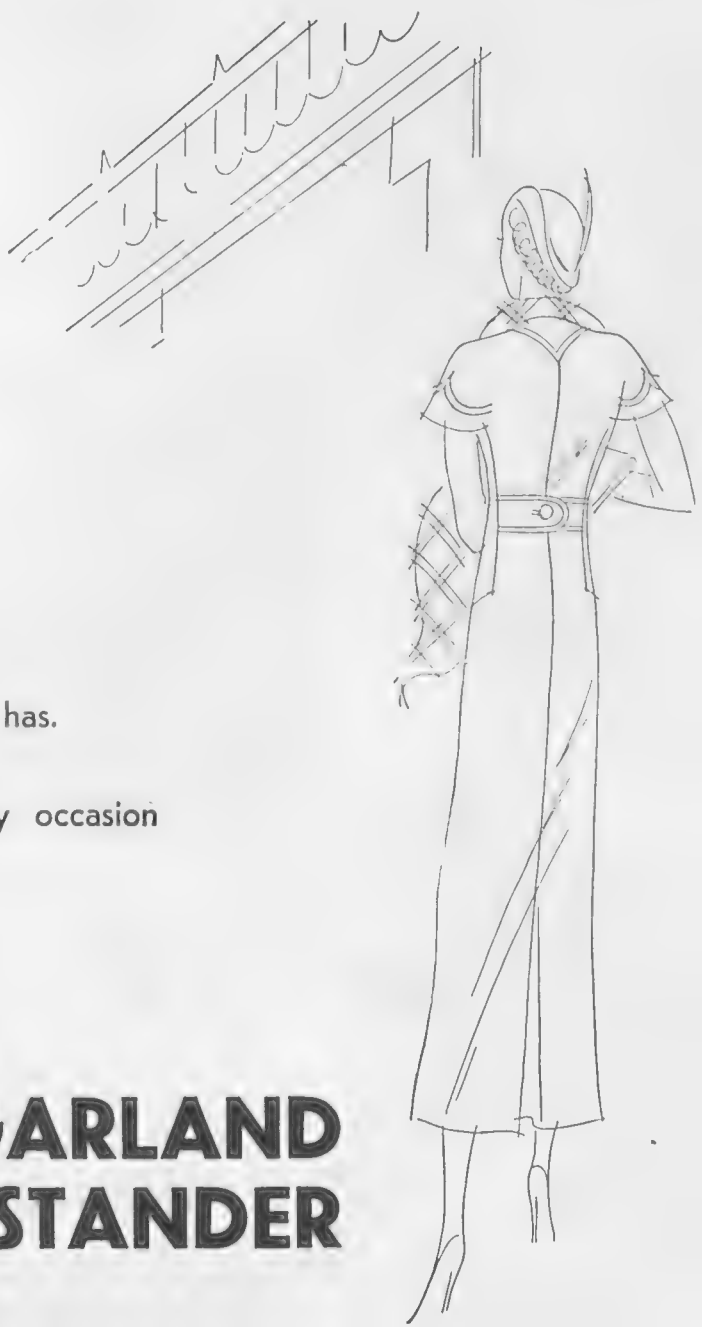
Will give ideas to the woman who has none

and confirm the preferences of the woman who has.

Will suggest a costume for every day and every occasion

and form a compendium of fashion which

no smart woman can afford to miss



• • • • MADGE GARLAND
in next week's BYSTANDER

Order early and be sure of your copy

Spring STYLES FOR SMALL PEOPLE

Children, like pussy willows, come out with the first touch of Spring Sunshine—but unlike the latter—children don't grow their own coats! Marshall and Snelgrove's fill that omission—and more thoroughly and delightfully this year than ever before! There's a host of Spring Styles in their Children's Sportswear Department — woollies, suits and frocks, ranging from the pre-spelling years to the sub-deb age!

Girl's Knitted suit in a wool and artificial silk mixture. Colours: Lemon, pink, emerald, champagne, powder or sky blue. Sizes: 18 to 24. Complete, **25/6 to 31/6**

Girl's Knicker suit of lightweight wool. The bodice has an open stitch design to tone. Colours: Primrose, rose, saxe, aqua green. Sizes: 18 to 22. Price, complete with matching knickers, **23/6 to 27/6**

Buster Brown suit in a wool marl mixture. Colours: fawn/brown and two shades of green. Sizes: 2 to 4 years. **23/6**

Boy's Knitted suit of light-weight wool with open-stitch design on the jersey. Colours: Primrose, white, aqua-green, saxe, rose. Sizes: 2 to 5 years. Price, according to size **20/= to 25/=**

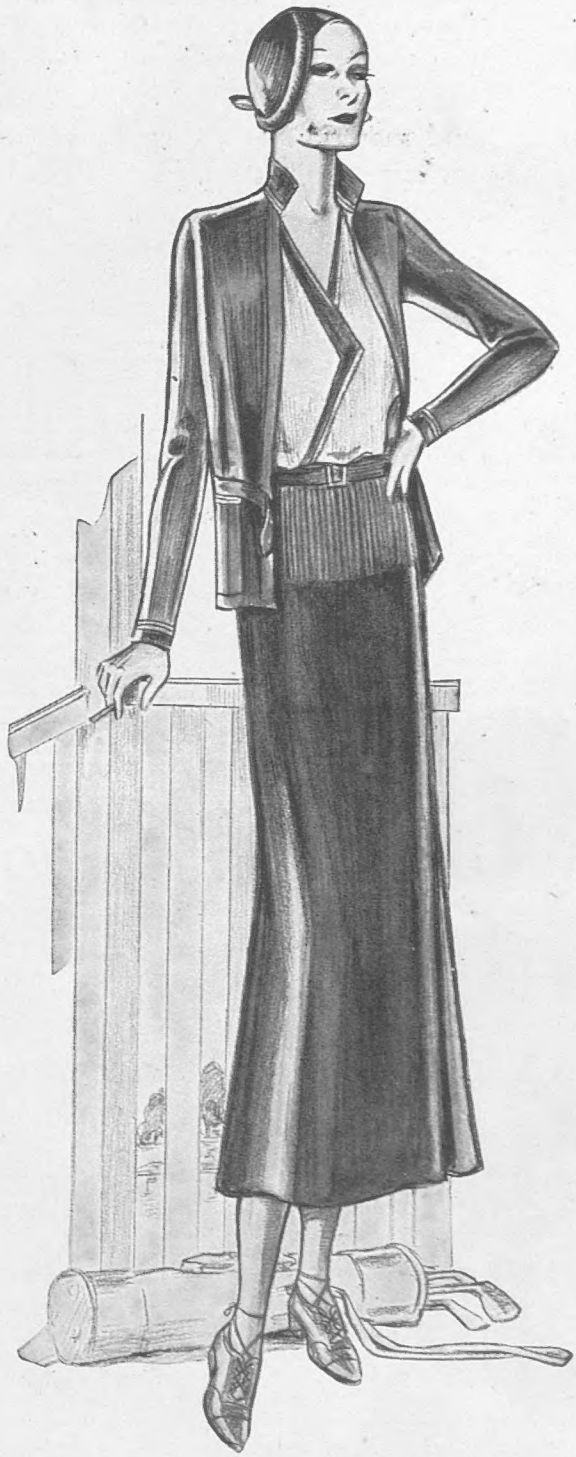
SENT ON APPROVAL.

Marshall AND Snelgrove

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

Debenhams Ltd. *Telephone: Mayfair 6600*

HARVEY NICHOLS



FOR golf and country wear—a Three-Piece Suit from the famous Sportswear Department. Exceptionally well cut on tailored lines, it has a slim-fitting welted skirt, a belted coat with military collar, and a novel jumper in contrasting shade. Lincoln green/white, black/white, navy/white, covert/honeysuckle, rust/deep rust, etc.

6½ gns.

HARVEY NICHOLS & Co LTD KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW1

B

CENTRALISED CHASSIS LUBRICATION

"All British people should be justly proud that the Rolls-Royce car is a product of this country, for throughout the world its name signifies perfection of workmanship and material. It stands for everything meaning the best, and I venture to state that no single firm or organisation has done more to uphold British prestige universally than Messrs. ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED. A point which must appeal tremendously to the owner-driver as well as to the chauffeur is the fact that BOTH ROLLS-ROYCE CARS ARE FITTED WITH CENTRALISED CHASSIS LUBRICATION operated by a foot-pump on the floorboard, even the springs being automatically oiled in this manner."

Sir Malcolm Campbell in the 'Field'

ROLLS-ROYCE

The Best Car in the World

Rolls-Royce Ltd have some excellent reconditioned and guaranteed Rolls-Royce cars for disposal at moderate prices

ROLLS-ROYCE LTD 14-15 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W1 TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 6201

"Well, of all the topping times!..."

"... Ralph, why haven't you brought me here before?"

"Because you've always said you were sure the racing would be dull and the people impossible."

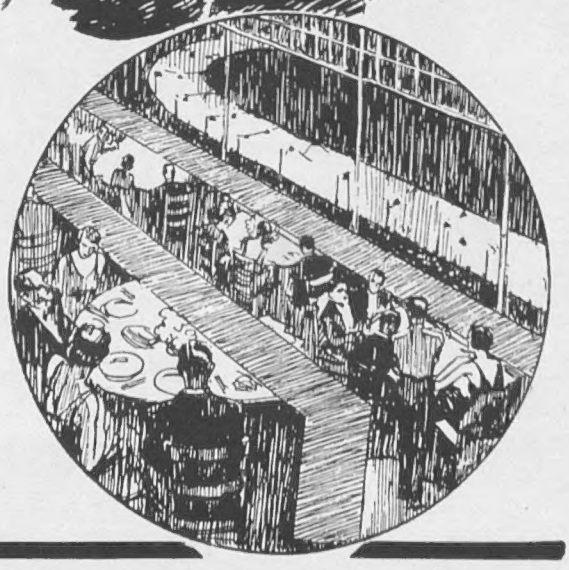
"Well, I've changed my mind. Look, they're off! Gosh, aren't they moving! Come *on*, Honey Bunch! Up—oh, glorious! We've won again ...."

"That's the last one. Better toddle along to the car. Liked it?"

"Liked it? Why, if you don't swear now to bring me to the very next meeting I'll never speak to you again."

★ ★ ★

In the club enclosure members may dine luxuriously and in perfect comfort and at the same time enjoy all the delights of Greyhound racing where every facility is available, with an unobstructed view of the track. Application for membership should be made to The Secretary, Greyhound Racing Club, White City.



ON WITH THE DANCE

The round of gaiety has its high notes and its low notes, its discords and harmonies but—

Player's always Please

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY (OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND), LIMITED.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT. REGISTERED TRADE MARK

NCC64.

Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5th Baronet)

When Mameluke won the Derby

1827:—"So trying on my patience was yesterday that this morning I am nr to finding differences with Betty. Tho tis sure ye trouble was not of her making. We were posting in all haste to ye Derby when midway we were foul of a ditch and broke a wheel. And with every strong intention to wager on Mameluke[1]*, we could not reach ye course till ye Derby was long after being raced, and I was thrfr unable to stake my wish. And to add vexation to my mischance, Ld C.*[2] *must win from me £500 wth cards ye same night, (and I having promised Betty not to play this week)."*

1. Winner of the Derby in 1827. Owned by Lord Jersey (6th Earl).
2. Lord Chesterfield (6th Earl)—a famous race-horse owner.

Angela: "H'm. Keeping Secrets from his Betty, the old sinner."

Sir Edward: "She may have had a weakness for holding the reins too tightly, my dear."

Angela: "Can't imagine *you* with a bit in your mouth! Consider yourself blessed to live in these give and take days. But Ted—I don't quite see why the breakdown prevented him from backing this Mameluke."

Sir Edward: "There weren't any telephones then, Angela. If you weren't actually on the spot it was impossible to make a bet. Even when 'phones and telegraphs *did* come into being, it was left to 'Duggie' to institute betting as we understand it."

Angela: "You mean his 'telegrams up to the Off' idea? Jove, think how many last-minute tips would be wasted without that concession!"

Sir Edward: "Yes, that's what I like about 'Duggie.' He sees things from the backers' point of view, both for men and . . . . . ."

Angela: "Now, Ted. Don't tell me he can see through me, or I shall think he's *another* man who is no fit companion for Angela!"

DOUGLAS STUART, STUART HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

Printed for the Proprietors, Illustrated Newspapers Limited, by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by Illustrated Newspapers Limited, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. April 6, 1932.
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.